

SPECIAL REPORT

**THIS COULD HAPPEN
TO YOUR CITY!**

**The
Northern
California**

UNDERGROUND

**Uprising
of '82**

MAXIMUM ROCK N ROLL

A BI-MONTHLY Edition VOL. 1 NO. 0

**2 PUNKS HIT
CITY**

**Killed
1,104,814**

**Injured
568,393**

**We Retaliate:
Bombers Attack Enemy**

**East Side In Ruins,
1,690,000 Homeless**

Thousands
die into
Westminster



INTENSIFIED CHAOS



Thanks to: Allisa, Kim, Timmy, Schmeck, pukie, and Oi! for insparation.
 NO Thanks to: Fang (Ha Ha Ha), L.A. for slam dancing, and no thanks to
 all the "new" punks in England who think they've
 invented Hardcore, you're just oblivious to anyone else
 but yourselves you fucking snobs!

Intensified Chaos-

I don't care if society's right
 I gotta' live my own life
 Political lies, we don't need 'em
 Ronald Reagan, that's not freedom

Intensified Chaos....

Mass murder/Blood so cold
 Live that way and you'll never get old
 join the army's sadistic thrills
 join the army and learn to kill

Intensified Chaos.....

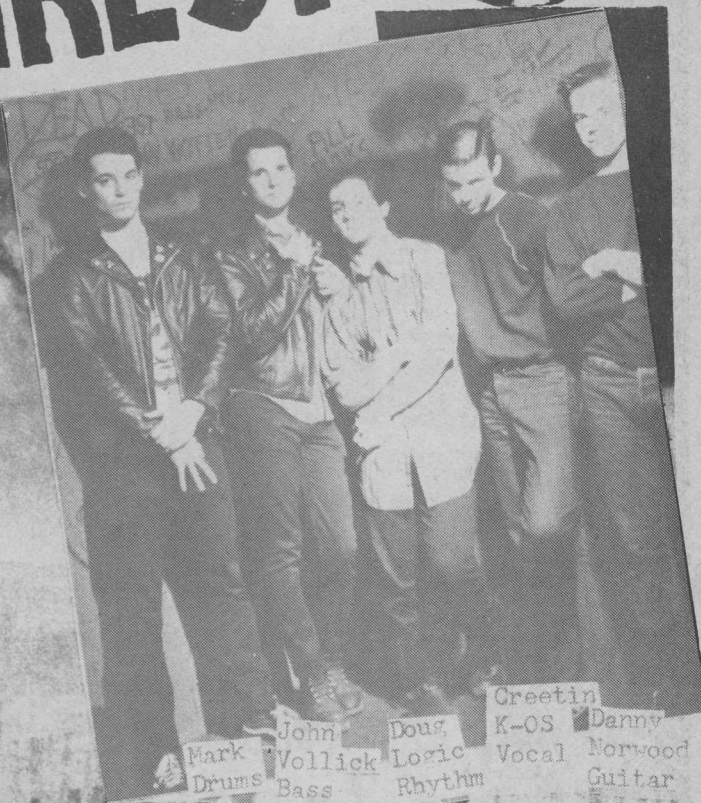
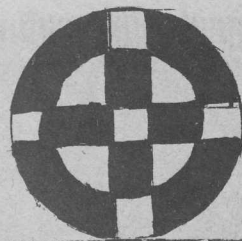
© 1981 all rights reserved Pure filth inc.
 Recorded at xandor studios, Orinda, Ca.

Additional Contributions-
 Bill Collins: Guitar
 Alison Baker: Intro Vocal (Age 4)



Be what you want to be.
 Not what you're pressured to be.
 Live your life by the day;
 Don't plan for tomorrow,
 IT MAY NEVER COME.

SOCIAL UnREST



Mark Drums John Vollick Bass Doug Logic Rhythm Creetin K-OS Vocal Danny Norwood Guitar



THEIR MISTAKES

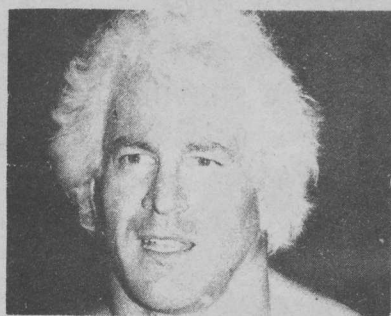
After John F. Kennedy things weren't what they were supposed to be. Richard Nixon could be blamed for being involved in a communist game. So don't blame me, it's not my fault. It's their mistake, they made it that way. Can't blame me for their mistakes, don't come to me on election day. Economy problems are their fault, it's up to them to make it hault.

They tried- white lies, but that just don't seem right. Their fault- we live, the way they wanted it. Words by K-OS and Norwood Music by Logic

THE NAKED LADY WRESTLERS



MAX Volume
 "Rock music is for Rocks.
 If these stupid fans knew
 anything about Music they
 wouldn't come whine and snivel
 to me all the time!"



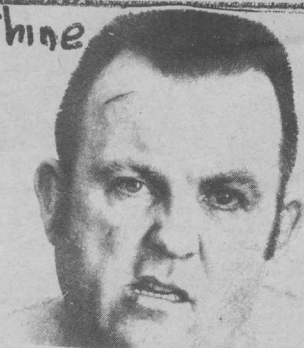
Bruiser Brownhouse
 "Prepare to see all your
 little heros and Idols
 fall to the unremitting
 talent of the worlds
 Best: Naked Lady
 Wrestlers"



Dan With the Mello Hair
 You can Drive thru Radeo
 And read a Magazine
 You can fly an Army Plane
 Wait for World War too
 You can go where the Sun don't shine
 go right now, take your time
 last to know and you don't care
 You're Man with the Yellow hair
 You can buy a Hamilton Beach
 order from the Magazine
 You can get credit thru me
 Keep your payments clean
 they'll call me if you're too slow
 laugh at them wherever you go
 Yes I know that you don't care
 Your Dan with the Mello hair
 In the Summer of 84
 by the Little Bighorn River
 Bunch of big shot Army guys
 couldn't get the Job done
 You can go where the Sun don't
 Take a car, yours or mine
 No more space but I don't care
 Your Dan with the Mello hair



Baron Von Rinehard
 "We're on our way to
 the Top-if we have to
 step on some Egos and
 hurt some feelings that's
 just fine with US!"



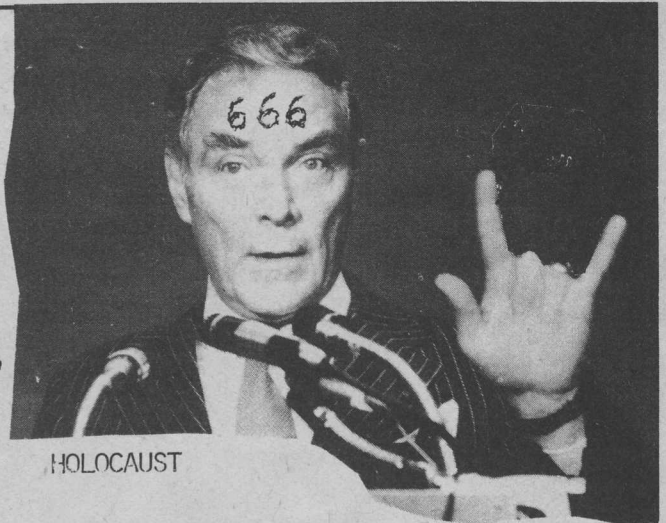
Buzz Saw Ironbill
 "What the heck is the
 D.M.P. afraid of anyway?
 they're trying to stack the
 decks against us. They
 can't hold us down for
 long. We're going to be
 looking mighty fine."

M.A.D.

MUTUAL ASSURED DESTRUCTION

*No army can stop an idea whose time
has come.*
—Victor Hugo

ALL MUSIC BY STEVE
ALL LYRICS BY CLIFFORD
PRODUCED BY M.A.D. AND HENRY HAMPLE



HOLOCAUST

MODERN TECHNOLOGY'S KILLING US ALL
OUR CIVILIZATION'S CONNA FALL
BLEAK FUTURE WAITS IN STORE
MAN-MADE NIGHTMARE NUCLEAR WAR
WE'RE CREATING A WAR WE KNOW
WE CAN'T SURVIVE MASS DEVASTATION
THE HUMAN RACE COMES TO AN END
SEEMS SO SICK WHAT LIES AHEAD
AN ENTIRE PLANET WILL SOON BE DEAD
HAD TO PROGRESS IT SEEMED SO GREAT
WE'RE CAUGHT IN OUR TRAP WITH NO ESCAPE

APMS RACE GOES ON THE STRUGGLE FOR POWER
BRINGS UPON THE FINAL HOUR
NOBODY WINS A NUCLEAR WAR
WHAT THE FUCK ARE WE STRIVING FOR
WE'RE CREATING A WAR WE KNOW
WE CAN'T SURVIVE MASS DEVASTATION
THE HUMAN RACE COMES TO AN END

M.A.D. - STEVE - GUITAR
CLIFFORD - VOCALS
DAVE - BASS
BILL - DRUMS

WE HATE YOU

kill-joy \kɪlˈɔɪ/ n : one who spoils the pleasure of others
kill-joy \kɪlˈɔɪ/ n : one who spoils the pleasure of others
kill-joy \kɪlˈɔɪ/ n : one who spoils the pleasure of others

kill-joy (kɪlˈɔɪ/). n.
joy or pleasure of others
kill-joy, n. One who cause

kill-joy, n. One who

kill-joy, n. One who

kill-joy, n. One who

kill-joy, n. One who

kill-joy, n. One who

kill-joy, n. One who

kill-joy, n. One who

kill-joy, n. One who



kill-joy \kɪlˈɔɪ/ n : one who spoils the pleasure of others
kill-joy \kɪlˈɔɪ/ n : one who spoils the pleasure of others
kill-joy \kɪlˈɔɪ/ n : one who spoils the pleasure of others

kill-joy \kɪlˈɔɪ/ n : one who spoils the pleasure of others

Rich Plastic People
Rich Plastic People they don't know what they want
They think upper class is all right
They get thrills from plastic cards
Buy every thing on a master charge
They don't know what they want
They think they have always won
Just wait and see we have only begun
They get on my case
They think that I'm a disgrace
They don't know and I do what I want
You're fat fucking slob from Beverly Hills
All wired out on diet pills
It's Pierre Cardin and Jordach jeans
But lard is splitting through your seams
They don't know what they want
You get around in plastic cars
You get drunk in plastic bars
You really like minorities
They shovel up the shit and clean up the grease
You think you know but you don't know shit from apple sauce
Rich Plastic People your time has come
You think we have only begun
Rich Plastic People you played your role
Your cancer is in my control



KILLJOY INC.
2100 UNIVERSITY
EAST PALO ALTO CA 94303

SOUP DE JOUR PRODUCTION

FANG

T.M.S. RULES



FUN WITH ACID

I CAN HEAR
THE NOISE
I CAN SEE
THE LIGHTS
THE HELICOPTERS
ARE COMING
DOWN ON ME TONIGHT
I COULD GET ARRESTED
THEY'RE JUST OVER THE HILL
I CAN SEE THE LIGHTS
THE HELICOPTERS ARE COMING
DOWN ON ME TONIGHT

T. FLY
(GURTAR)

JOEL
FOXX
(DRUMS)

SLAM
(MOUTH)

C.W.
(BASE)

FOR A GOOD TIME
CALL FANG
415-841-9113
OR RITER
2146 BONE ST.
BERKELEY, CA.
94702

CAPITOL punishment



Capitol Punishment started playing hard fast thrash music in May '81. We want people to think about not being afraid to be different, fighting for their rights and doing something to change this rotten world we live in. The artless conservative cowboy lifestyle of america is ridiculously passe'. This isn't 1882, its 1982. The fascist politics of the government power machine is regressing into the past and destroying our freedom. The consumer oriented business/advertising complex has created an attitude of over indulgence. If we die gorging ourselves they wouldn't give a shit. The big record companies along with their arena rock system promotes this laid back lethargy. They want to keep everyone in this lack of knowledge darkness so they can continue sucking dollars and life out of them. We are not going to escape to the land of non-reality and hope that someone else will do something about it. We are going to destroy this power pyramid and put an end to government and big business deciding our lifestyle and the music we listen to.

EL SALVADOR-let's go to el salvador be one of reagan's conquistadors advisors who carry m-16's join the duarte regime/ let's go out and have some fun get a gun and kill a nun we got those commies on the run c'mon haig let's get it done/ just a practice for the c.i.a. a comfortable place for them to play a chance to kill with the latest toy the people are the victims of a government ploy/ let's go to el salvador el salvador.

stewart lotspeich fedrau

collapse

WANT TO...FREE YOUR...DEVICES
 APPARANTLY WE'LL RELIVE THE PAST
 LET'S ALL WATCH THE STOCK MARKET CRASH
 SOUP LINES AT THE CLOSED DOWN BANKS
 YOUR PLAN FAILED-DONT EXPECT THANKS
 FIRST YOU CUT THE S.S.I.

CUT OUT AID FOR OUR G.I.'S
 SPENT THE MONEY ON OUR DEFENCE
 I TELL YOU NOW IT DOESNT MAKE SENSE

FIRST THERES A RECESSION
 PROCEEDS THE DEPRESSION
 LET'S ALL TAKE A TRIP BACK IN TIME
 BACK TO GOOD OLD 1-9-2-9
 REMEMBER YOU WERE STILL IN YOUR TEENS
 AND WHEN IT HIT YOU FELT NOTHING
 THE RICH GET RICHER
 POOR GET POORER
 ALL RESOURCES KEPT BY HARDERS

SECOND THOUGHT,
 YOU THOUGHT AHEAD
 BY ALL THIS TIME
 YOU'LL BE DEAD!

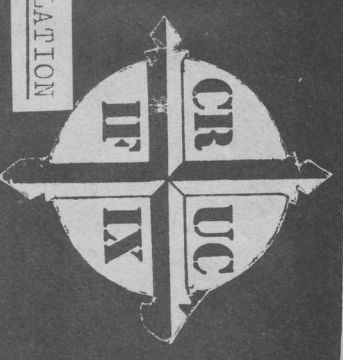


RIBSY

Downtown San Jose
 has unleashed RiBSY.
 Greg's 5-String Machine,
 Sharon's tit-piercing 75 bass
 Kats rolling drums in Jaded
 gowns rounded out by
 new comer Poo Poo's Sneering
 depth guitar create the unique
 RiBSY sound. BY Recording—
 "Collapse" between Vocalist's
 and dubbing the Vocals
 themselves, they displayed
 the versatility they're known 4.

Top L to R,
 Sharon, Kat, Greg,
 Kneeling, Poo Poo Rick

CRUCIFIX



ANNIHILATION

annihilation is to one the means to the end
armegeddon is to one the extremists end

annihilation! annihilation! annihilation!
self destruction! self destruction! self destruction!

streets are on fire!
death in our wake !

cars overturned !
bodies are raped!

you go on preaching religion as a political dogma
while you go on paying for and sanctioning vicious murders

annihilation! annihilation! annihilation!
praise destruction! praise destruction! praise destruction!

streets are on fire!
death in our wake

cars overturned!
bodies are raped!

annihilation is to one you know ways to the end
armegeddon is to one the extremists eeeeeennnd!

you go on playing with peoples lives using their minds
you want total control, stay in line!

armegeddon, the judgement day!

annihilation, are you gonna let them blow you away?

SOTHIA - MOUTH

MATT - BASS

TIMMY - GUITAR CHRIS - DRUMS

WRITTEN BY
BRYCE KAWENTHS + CRUCIFIX

COOL'S



CHORUS: I DON'T WANNA DIE FOR MY COUNTRY SAY HELL NOOOO
I DON'T WANNA DIE FOR MY COUNTRY SAY HELL NOOOO

VERSE: CAUSE I DON'T WANNA KILL SOMEONE I DON'T EVEN KNOW
AND I DON'T WANNA GET ALOWN UP AND LOOSE MY LEGS
HELL NO, HELL NO, NO, NO, NO, NO

Say
Hell no!

VOCALS - RAT'S ASS
GUITAR - PAT IMEL
BASS - BOOTS MAGNER
DRUMS - LOUIE

COPY WRITTEN BY SQUARE
COOLS

WRITTEN BY PAT IMEL, SAL,

FOR BOOKING INFO TALK TO
SPIKE OR CALL (916) 635-7624
AND ASK FOR RAT'S ASS



LOS OLVIDADOS



Matt

drums

Ray

bass

Geronimo

Guitar

Mike

vocals

~~Code of Honor~~

What price would you pay?

How many more lives will be taken and crushed out?
How many more minds will be shattered -
destroyed by what they've been taught?

Can't you see what's all around you, all the times our
governments told you lies and yet you still follow -
Can't you see all they promote is lies - and if you want the
truth of freedom you must know what price you will pay.

And still, it all goes on around us, our government supplies
military aid to another, steps into civil wars, promotes racism,
supplies drugs to the youth of America to keep them happy,
and most of you just sit back and suck it all up.
Can't you see that this system is just a game?
They all know it, and they all still play it...

Smash it up This is no game - this is your life
The price you have to pay
It may hurt you more and more each day
but tomorrow the suffering will have gone
and those of us left must remain strong
It's a price - a price that just has to be payed, payed, payed
Everything that our society breeds -
Facism, Racism, Sexism... must end.

Vocals: Johnithin Christ Guitar: Mike Fox Bass: Dave Chavez
Drums: Sal Paradise Music & Lyrics: Code of Honor © 1982



photos: Erich Mueller © 1982

7 SECONDS

7 Seconds:
Kevin Seconds
Steve Youth
Bix Bigler

Guitar, vocals
bass, bckg. vcls.
drums, bckg. vcls.



FUCK YOUR AMERICA
Do you want power, do you want freedom, are you a coward, do you say "yes sir"
Are you the victim, do you want money, are you unhappy, are you secure
(chorus) No Rights, Fuck what a proud American
Do you have justice, are you a proud American, one?
Is it your privilege to do what you want now,
Do you want something, instead of us giving
Why don't they just let us live our own life
(chorus) (2)
END © 1991 Vicious Scam/Kevin Brandt



SKEENO
AND PUSHEAD
THANKS TO:
TIN AND THE
MAXIMUM
CLUB, STENO, PUL
HAWKS AND PUSHEAD ON THE SIDE HEADS, MASTERS,
TRAMP, TAN AND THE D.C.'S, THE GREENS, TOM,
SECTION 8, VIKRAM ASSAULT, THE WIRELESS, CONGRAT,
THE P.C.B.'S, MORAL DISOUP, SIMON, LIZ, PAT AND
HAKAU AND ALL OF OUR FRIENDS WHO BELIEVED
IN US FROM THE BEGINNING AND REALLY GAVE A
FUCK WHEN WE NEEDED THEM AND EVEN WHEN WE
DIDN'T! WELL BE HERE FOREVER!!!

We stand proud for youth, intelligence and constructive rebellion, not forgetting guts, originality and one's own sense of pride! and believe that not fitting in with the crowd, not being like everyone else is one of the most important things to totally strive for within our movement, where it's sometimes hard to go in one direction when the majority is going in the other. Fuck the Majority!!!
Anyway, there's nothing wrong with being a name, numbers suck and it's hard enough getting by in this world with people and things like Ronald Reagan, the K.K.K., Moral Majority, police, politicians, organized religion, "new wave", racism, sexism, conservative hippies (yes, sometimes that even includes dear old mom and dad), trends, money, mindlessly violent "nazi punks", drugs (okay, so Pepsi has drugs in it, call us hypocrites!), Heavy Metal (not always the music, mainly just the mentality), jocks, preppies, rednecks, ignorance and war fucking things up. Sounds like the real enemy to me.
Is this what you want to be when you grow up?! - KEVIN SECONDS

USE YOUR HEAD, BE AWARE, GIVE A FUCK!

Produced by The Greaves and 7 Seconds
Engineered by Jon Bell
Recorded in Skeeno
7 SECONDS INFO: c/o Vicious Scam, 2302 Patton Dr., Reno, NV. 89512 send \$ A.S.E

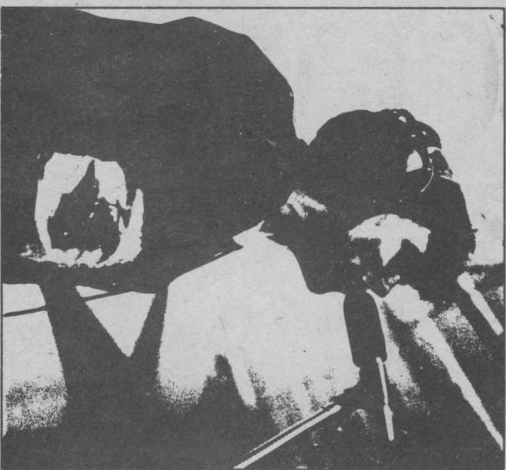
the UNAWARE



The Unaware is:

Frank Lesedd - guitar and vocals
Ivan Idea - bass and backing vocals
Joey Myers - drums
Patrick Benatar - vocals

Photos by Dave Bales
Frank's guitar courtesy of Junkpile
Long live "Forget It" magazine!
Hello to Skate Scene skatezine (wild hairs!)



THIS IS 1982! So what's the matter with you? Don't you know what it takes to be cool? Don't you know that anyone with more than a half inch of hair on their head in its natural color is a demon of normalcy and should be obliterated (or at least sneered at)? Don't you know that dancing is a sport which should be done with extreme prejudice towards your friends and enemies alike? Don't you know that destroying your mind and body with chemical substances which the CIA has made available for your use is in?

If you think all of this is true then you're truly unaware. However, if you are unaware that this is true or are even so brash as to think that this is false then maybe you can appreciate what the Unaware are all about.

The Unaware has been together since June, 1981. Their six song e.p., "This Is Not Art" on Burning Urine Cassettes, came out in April, 1982. "This Is Not Art" was the first release by a San Jose punk band since Count Five did "Psychotic Reaction" more than 15 years ago.

Though ostracized by the Silicon Valley drug and fashion elite, the group perseveres.

"This Is Not Art" is available by sending \$3 (or \$1.50 and a blank cassette) to
the Committee for Artistic Purposelessness and Fun
P.O. Box 20921
San Jose, CA 95160

"This Is Not Art" was produced by Sam Swartz and The Unaware

~ Race War ~

Race War in the street tonight
Race War not just black against white
Race War it's gonna come to a head
Race War leave a lot of people dead

Tonight it's coming down
The tension's too tight
It's gonna rip apart this town
The graffiti on the bathroom wall says more
Than you wanna believe
Sure change is slow but change is what we need
RIGHT NOW!

This town's divided that's clear
The white's stay on the state
Everyone else is over there
How many Klansmen will it take to make us up
Ask me that question after the
RACE WAR STOPS!

Look at L.A. and San Jose
Any city you can name
Big or little, split down the middle
We can't keep playing this same old game

Why is hatred the thing
That's been used to divide people
Who aren't even thinking
It's time to slap some attitudes
A step or two back
And realize there's no difference between
WHITE AND BLACK!

A charade, that's all this country is
They talk about democracy
But they're run by big business
The Bill Of Rights is something
That has not been said
And the check can only bounce if it remains
UNCHANGED RACE WAR!

"Race War" is © 1982 Lithuanian Songs



- THE FRIGIDETTES -

THE WORLD IS IN A TURMOIL CAN YOU HEAR THE PEOPLE CRY?
 THE COST OF LIVING'S RISING AND I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE!!

TURMOIL

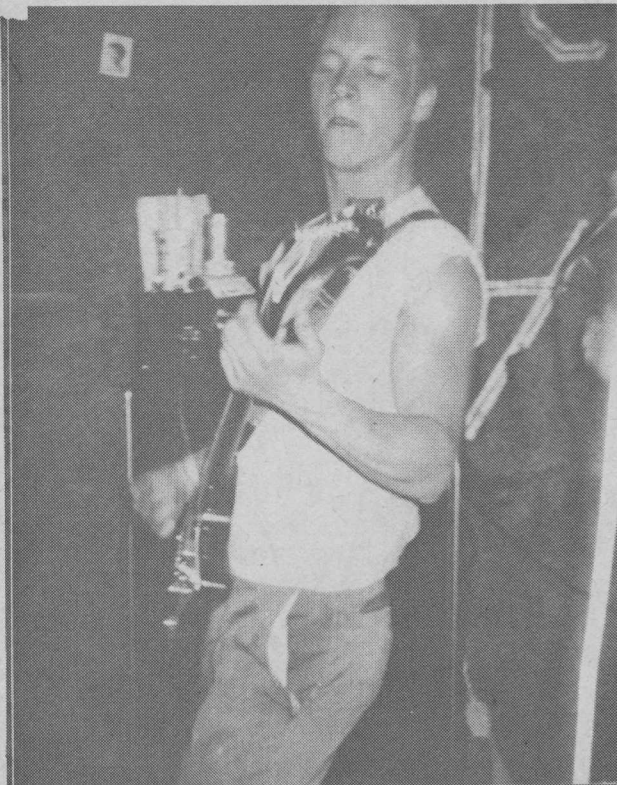
Never mind the government, don't listen
 to what they say,
 cause if you do a war is what they'll
 put you in today-
 And you'll be in a training camp with the
 other boys (and lots of new toys!)
 And then you'll learn to shoot a gun and
 drop a bomb and KILL and KILL and KILL
 and KILL and KILL!!!
 And you and the other G.I.Joes will be
 marching off to war-
 With nukes over here and chemicals there,
 it will be another world affair and
 YOU'LL ALL DIE!!!!



THE FRIGIDETTES
 ARE (from left to right):
 Linda Abrahamian- vocals
 Cathy Pilobos- bass
 Corrine Diaz- drums
 Gina Arnold- guitar
 They are a political band from
 Fresno, California. They've been
 in existence for six months now.
 Their goal is to express, through
 their music, the present world
 situations and how it affects
 individuals.

JUST ANOTHER
 POLITICAL GARAGE BAND





DONT CONFORM
 YOU CANT TELL ME WHAT TO DO
 YOU CANT TELL ME HOW TO DRESS
 YOU CANT TELL ME HOW TO ACT
 CUZ I AINT LIKE THE REST
 I DONT CONFORM
 I WONT CONFORM
 I DONT CONFORM
 AND I' NEVER WILL
 YOU CANT MAKE ME GET A JOB
 YOU CANT MAKE ME GO TO SCHOOL
 YOU WONT CHANGE ME
 CUZ I'M NO GULLIBLE FOOL
 CHORUS
 DONT TELL ME ABOUT YOUR LAWS
 DONT TELL ME ABOUT YOUR RULES
 DONT TELL ME ANY OF THAT SHIT
 CUZ I'M NO IGNORANT FOOL
 CHORUS
 DONT WASTE YOUR TIME
 TRYIN TO CHANGE ME
 CUZ I'LL NEVER CONFORM
 CANT YOU SEE
 CHORUS
 MUSIC BY PETE
 LYRICS BY MIKE
 LANCE



PHOTOS BY MIRYAM
 FOR BOOKING OR INFO: (415) 567-6914
 OR SEND WHATEVER TO 646 S. VAN NESS
 S.F., CALIF. 94110

RECORDED AND MIXED BY TOM

MALLON

ACU XIII

WO IS MI

Ghost Dance

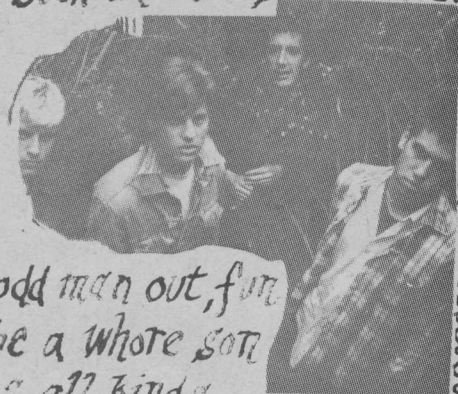


Shrunken Heads



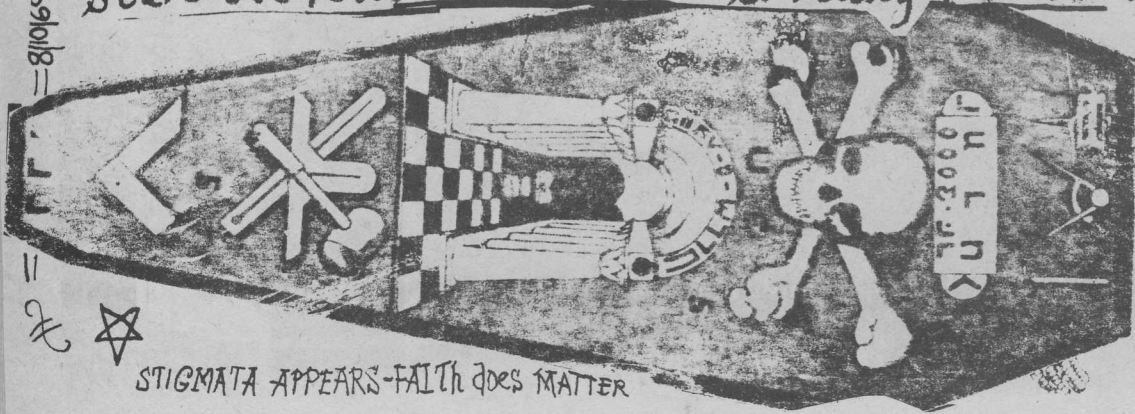
Swifs up, here come the marines, looking for the enemy
Hollywood's true sons of liberty, rally round the flag groovey
Rich, poor proletariat, aging Bolshheviks love it love it
Blond haired, blue eyed, building blocks, rock'em sock'em robot;
Shrunken Heads - 'aint got no rhythm

Shrunken Heads - dime store pagans
Shrunken Heads - worship false gods
Shrunken Heads - it's a fulltime job



Beat me daddy eight to one, the boys wanna play odd man out, for
And the girls, well every debutante wants to be a whore son
And this is America, land of opportunity it takes all kinds
So give me your poor, give me your weak, give me your spoiled meat

One big happy family, a happening community, they love to talk
But don't you rock the boat, or the knee jerk mafia will eat you off
Fac ist, racist, they'll scream rape, and you'll never get another date
Start the revolution without me, I really don't like the company



STIGMATA APPEARS-FAITH DOES MATTER

DO WHAT THOU WILT

VOX-STEVE
GUITAR-ERIC
DRUMS-BRUCE
BASS-BEN



AB=81018

In Sacramento, Calif., Frank Karnes, 39, was fined \$65 after he shot his power lawn mower because it refused to start. "I got angry," he said.



e Big Blowing

"I was surprised when I got a .38 caliber revolver as a Hanukkah present. Then I realized that someday I might need to use it."

"It didn't make me nervous. I was excited and interested in it. I wanted to know all about how to handle it. I'm looking forward to shooting it at the range. There are times like that when I wish I had a gun outside the house so that I could feel more safe and secure."



THINGS TO DO TODAY

Day _____ Date _____

- ☐ masturbate
- ☐ get drunk
- ☐ smoke cigarettes
- ☐ cry

DAILY NEWS



ACTRESS SHOTS ANDY WARHOL
Cries 'He Controlled My Life'



SAN DIEGO (UPI) — The father of convicted schoolyard sniper Brent Spencer has married a 17-year-old runaway who was his daughter's roommate at Juvenile Hall. It was revealed over the weekend.

"I gave my girlfriend's teen-aged daughter a handgun as a Hanukkah present this year. I'm teaching her how to use it. I would rather she shoot to kill than have any harm come to her. God forbid, she's not going to be a victim."

"After all, she's having to work hard to get her driver's license and cars are just as lethal as guns."



WANTED Electric meat grinder to grind up rabbit heads.
213 444-1312

ACHILD AND HIS LAWNMOWER
words & muzak: Biafra

Some clown in Sacramento was dragged into court
He shot his lawnmower
It disobeyed, it wouldn't start
Might makes right, it's the American way®
They fined him \$60 and sent him on his way
You know, some people don't take no shit
Maybe if they did they'd have half a brain left
©1982 Decay Music (BMI)



AND THE DAYS KEEP GOING BY
AND I REALIZE THAT I
SAY LESS AND LESS THE MORE I TRY
LESS AND LESS THE MORE I TRY

ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I SEE
PEOPLE DON'T CARE
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I HEAR
THERE'S TOO MUCH HATE
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I FEEL
THERE'S NOT ENOUGH LOVE
ALL I KNOW IS I KNOW WAY TOO MUCH

REBEL TRUTH

ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I SEE
PEOPLE WON'T SHARE
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I HEAR
THERE'S TOO MUCH GREED
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I FEEL
THERE'S NO HONESTY
ALL I KNOW IS I KNOW WAY TOO MUCH

ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I SEE
EVERYBODY'S ANGRY
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I HEAR
MONEY MONEY MONEY
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I FEEL
THE SUFFERING WON'T STOP
ALL I KNOW IS I KNOW WAY TOO MUCH

ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I SEE
THERE'S GONNA' BE A WAR!
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I HEAR
THERE'S NOT ENOUGH TRUTH
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I FEEL
THERE'S NO COMPASSION
ALL I KNOW IS I KNOW WAY TOO MUCH
I KNOW WAY TOO MUCH
I KNOW WAY TOO MUCH.

Practice makes perfect

Box 22243 Sacramento, CA 95822

Junior Gunslinger



LEARNING PROCESS

the teachers told me I had poor ideas
so I hid myself in my childhood fears
I told them they were wrong what they
all said about me
and now I'm damaged and they still won't
let me be

the learning process shaping your career
the learning process teaching you to fear
the learning process showing you what is right
the learning process setting your sights

they taught me lies and they pushed their
weight around
pulled their power trips and and wouldn't let
me hear a sound
told me I was stupid and I had no future
in life
and its still with me a mental sacrifice

produced by Kevin Army
recorded at Bay Sound Reproduction

engineered by
Glen Oey

words and music
T.C., R.L.

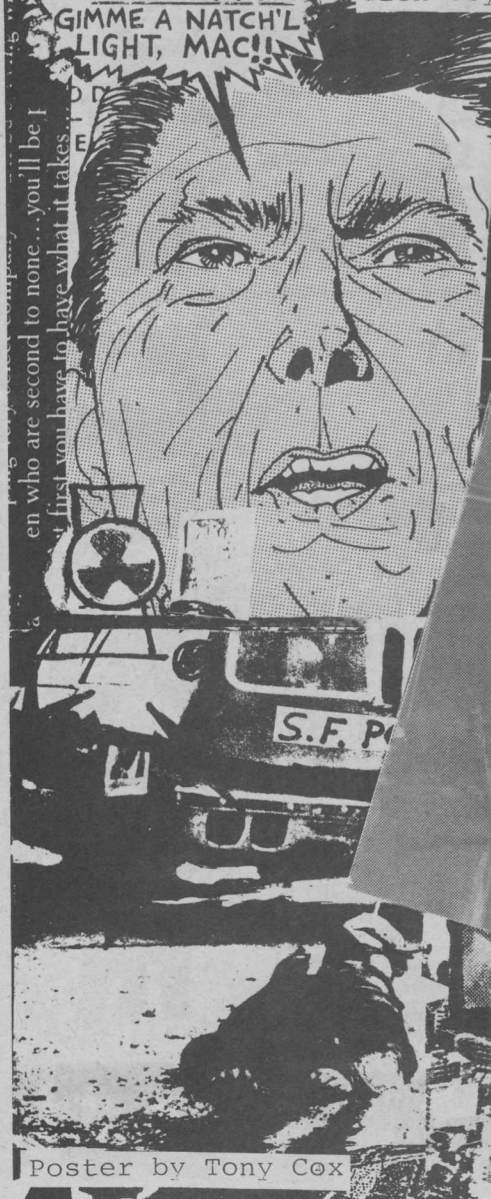
© copyright 1982

GIMME A NATCH'L
LIGHT, MAC!!

Tony Cox - vocals
Greg Travers - drums
Mike Smith - guitar
Ray Lujan - bass, vocals

INFORMATION, BOOKING
(415) 228-3117

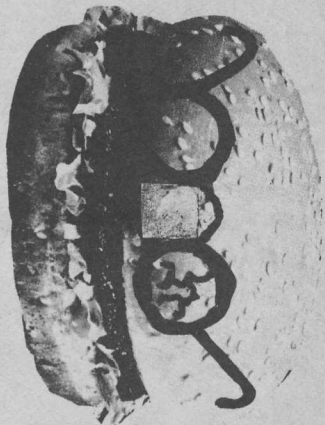
en who are second to none...you'll be f
first you have to have what it takes



PARIAH

Poster by Tony Cox

LENNON BURGERS



"EVERYTHING WE TOUCH TURNS TO SHIT"

Jumpin' Jeff Bale--Vocals
(ex-WAR ZONE, CHOCOLATE TELEPHONE POLES)

Mahavishnu Karmin Chia--Guitar
(PERV, ex-FRIED ABORTIONS)

Metal Mike--Drums
(ex-ROCKIN' BLEWZ, VOM, JOHNNY REB BAND,
ANCRY SAMOANS, FRIED ABORTIONS)

Dino Washington--Slide Guitar
(TARTS, MURPHY-ST. PAUL)



"REAGUM"

I don't know about you, but when our American flag is unfurled, I get goose pimples. Something excited. I starts churning, something excited. I am glad that we have men who are moving and I start getting help pay the willing to go to war and help pay the price.

Well Reagan's got a lot of faults
He's a rightist pig but that's not all
He's got some habits he won't discuss
He picks his burgers and chews them up

Everyone knows he's doing it, doing it
He's picking his nose and chewing it, chewing it
Everyone knows he's doing it, doing it
He's picking his ass and chewing it

Ronnie sniffs and smiles a lot
After he's been sitting on the pot
The stench inside can't be contained
It contaminates the world in America's name

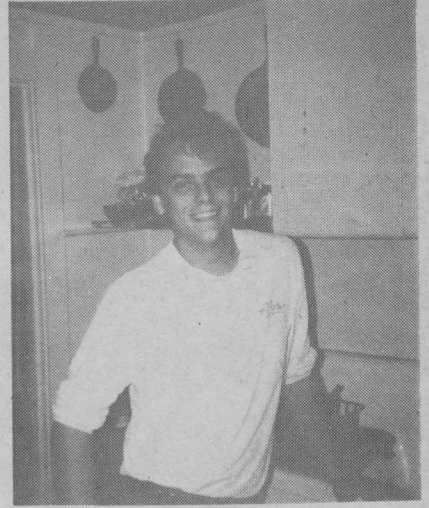
Everyone knows he's doing it, doing it
He's picking his ass and chewing it, chewing it
Everyone knows he's doing it, doing it
He's picking his nose and chewing it

We know why Nancy spent so much
To give the White House her personal touch
She had to match the green and brown
That Ronnie spread all over her gown



LENNONBURGER Jammin' at Altamont
"They're bigger than God," one fan gushed

(IMPATIENT) YOUTH



PRAISE THE LORD AND
PASS THE AMMUNITION

PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE AMMUNITION
PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE AMMUNITION
PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE AMMUNITION
GOD IS ON OUR SIDE

BATTLING OVER THE BOOK SLAUGHTERING OVER THE PSALMS
ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIER WITH YOUR SWORD AND CROSS
PUTTING THE FEAR OF GOD INTO HEATHEN FLESH
THE BLOOD EASILY WASHED OFF OF THE CHRISTIAN HAND
CLEANSED IN THE RIVER OF LIES PROMISE OF SALVATION
FROM THE MOUTH OF MADMEN'S INTERPRETATIONS
DON'T FORGET THE GOLDEN RULE
THE MAN WITH THE GOLD IS MAKING THE RULES

BILLY MARTIN
MARK ANDERSON
CHRISTOPHER FISHER

天

THROAT -

4-WAY
DRUMS -

BASS

EMILIO
GUITAR

EDDIE
GUITAR-

STEPHEN

BAD POSTURE
%HOUSE OF MOPRNS
425 SO. VAN NESS
S.F., CA., 94103

ARTS

THANKS
AND PLEASE

FILE

this is your best role yet!



DEMENTED

Youth

(crowd noise) Mr. President (gun shots)

Ronald Reagan you make me sick
Ronald Reagan you're a fucking dick
Reagans a fascist and he cant deny
he's a fucking fascist and I hope he dies

CHORUS:

Assassination attempt, this time we missed
Dont worry Reagan youre still on the list
Ronald Reagan you lied to us
were gonna run you over with a Greyhound Bus

Reagans eating acid jelly beans
he's tripping out on the political scene
Ronnie does whatever momny says
She runs the country but she wont give him head

All the assholes who voted for you were given the shaft
Kill for democracy, your stuck with the draft
Fuck you Reagan we dont need your type
Fuck you Reagan we dont think youre right

Ronald Reagan you son of a bitch
Ronald Reagan you favor the rich
Ronald Reagan you better wake up
Better watch out or well fuck you up

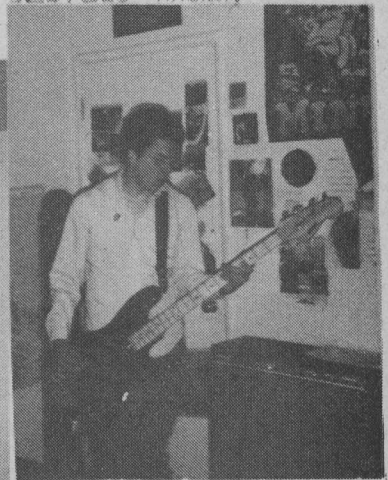
ASSASSINATION
ATTEMPT

who
DIED
and
made you
president?



Hinkley's
innocent

(ALL SEATERS TURN)



TONY - bass
ELSALVADOR,
vietnam take two!!



BEFORE



AFTER

NOTHING personal ron.



watch
out
Ron



we want Dez

LAND
OF THE
JEFF THRUSTER
FREE



KKK. FUCK OFF



Guitar - RONI RAGE
Photos by: AL HAIG

Thanks tim

Demented Youth are youths which are given no reason,
ie... "Pledge allegiance", "Die-its your duty", "DO what we say".

D.Y.



Blue by Day/White by Night is a reality. The Klan and the police have always been united in their function, and now they are becoming increasingly united in their memberships. Their unity has been exposed by the forces who have had the most experience fighting them. When the United League of Mississippi marched against the Klan on November 25, 1978, Mississippi policemen in Klan robes appeared on national television. It was also revealed that applications for the Klan are distributed at police headquarters in Tupelo, Mississippi. In Jackson, Mississippi, Meriden, Connecticut, and Nashville, Tennessee, the Klan has demonstrated to support killer cops who have murdered Black people. And all across the country, the police protect the Klan. Police forces are a primary recruiting ground for the Klan. Cops are filling the ranks of the Klan and other white supremacist organizations and are becoming more and more open about it. In Bowling Green, Kentucky, for example, the public relations man for the police has been seen distributing Klan literature in his police uniform. In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, Klansmen on the police force wear white supremacy medallions. In Texas, the Klan brags about its members on the Houston, Galveston, and Fort Worth police forces.

Jackson, Mississippi policeman Gary King shot Dorothy Brown, a pregnant Black woman to death. The Klan demonstrated in support of the police. August 26, 1980.

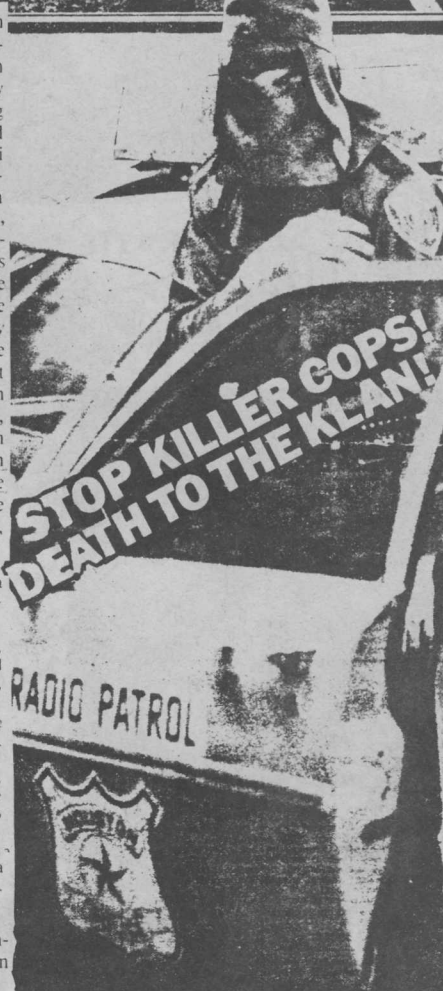
Philadelphia killer cop John "Rabid Dog" Ziegler, 34, handcuffed, pistol-whipped, then shot William Green, a seventeen-year-old Black youth, for a traffic violation in Philadelphia. August 26, 1980.

Brooklyn killer cops beat Luis Baez and shot him 21 times, claiming that he was going to stab them with a pair of children's scissors. August 22, 1979.

Houston pigs Joseph Janish, Steven Orlando, Terry Denson, Carless Elliott, Glen Brinkmeyer, and Lewis Kinney beat Jose Campos Torres, handcuffed his hands and feet, and threw him into Buffalo Bayou.

Los Angeles pigs Edward M. Hopson and Lloyd W. O'Callaghan shot Eula Love eight times in her own yard after she refused to let a gas serviceman turn off her gas because of a \$22.09 delinquent bill. January 3, 1979.

The police are killers. The murders that they commit are systematic. Not one killer cop has ever been convicted of murder and most are not even indicted.



NAZI AND SS

THE ONLY GOOD COP . . .

Dead Cops (chorus)

Down on the street
Giving poor the heat
With their clubs and guns
Doing it for fun
(chorus)

Big, bad and blue
They're in the Klan too
Brutality is their sport
Let's put them to the torch
(chorus)

Whatcha gonna do
When the Mafia in blue
Come huntin for queers,
Niggers and you
(chorus)

Time for a switch
Army of the rich
Macho fuckin slaves
We'll piss on your graves
(chorus)

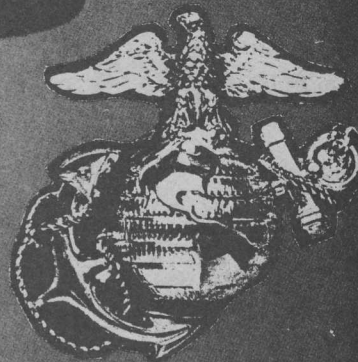
MDC

EX-TEX. $\$$ \dagger \oplus \dagger \mathbb{N} \mathbb{S}

MILLIONS OF DEAD COPS

Karnage

PLACE
YOUR
PICTURE
HERE
FOOL



The Few.

The Proud.

The



SIGNED UP FOR 2 YEARS
KILLING FOR YOUR COUNTRY
NEVER ASK THEM QUESTIONS
JUST GO OUT AND DO IT

YOU'RE THE FEW,
YOU'RE THE PROUD,
YOU'RE DEAD.

STARTED OUT AS PRIVATE
BUT YOU SLAYED A LOT OF RUSKIES
NOW YOU'RE A GENERAL
KILLING MAKES YOU HAPPY
YOU'RE THE FEW,
YOU'RE THE PROUD,
YOU'RE DEAD.

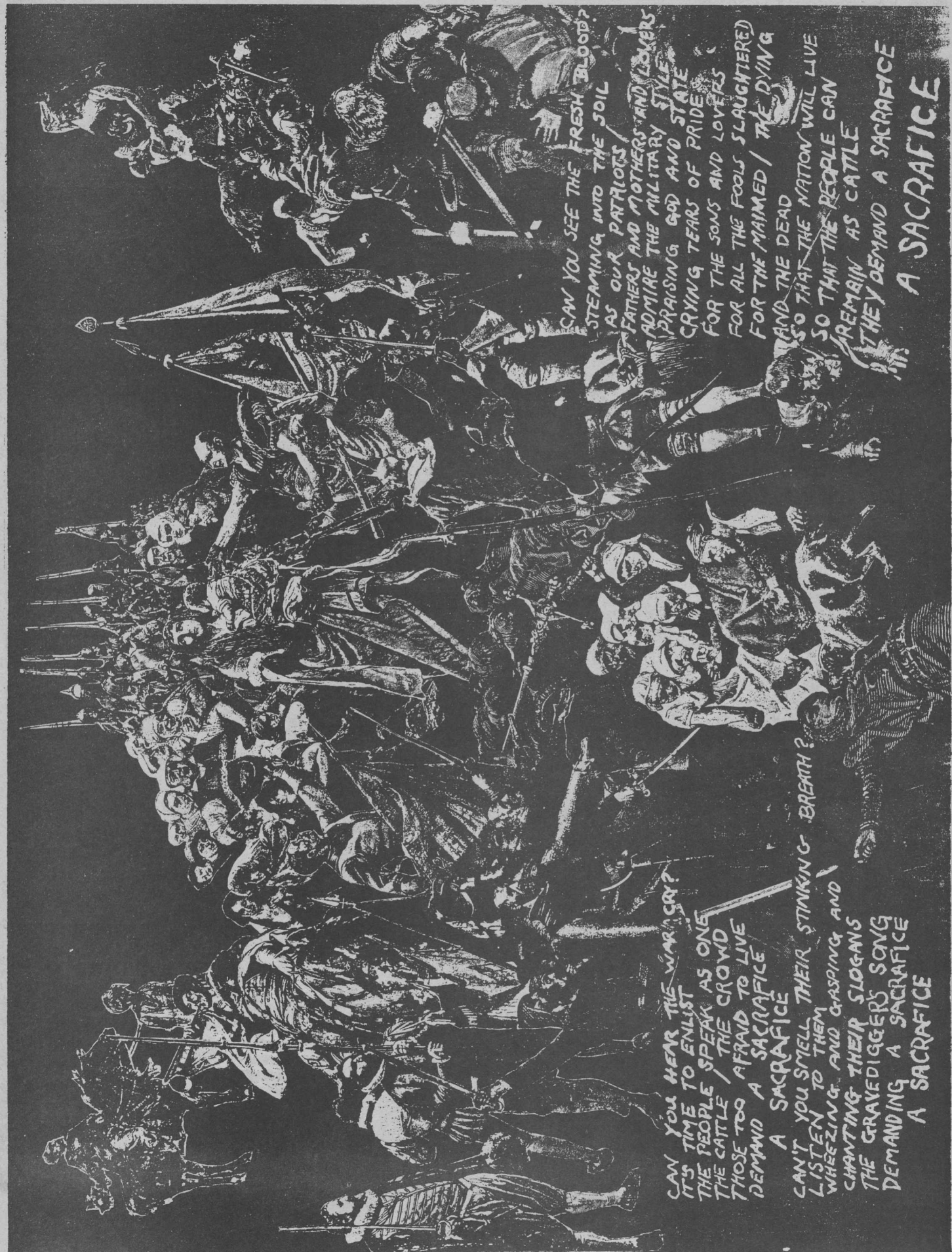
YOU LED YOUR TROOPS
INTO AN AMBUSH
THEY CALLED IT A MASSACRE
YOU DIED A BIG HERO
YOU'RE THE FEW,
YOU'RE THE PROUD,
YOU'RE DEAD.

CHRIS - VOCALS

ERIC - BASS

JAKE - DRUMS

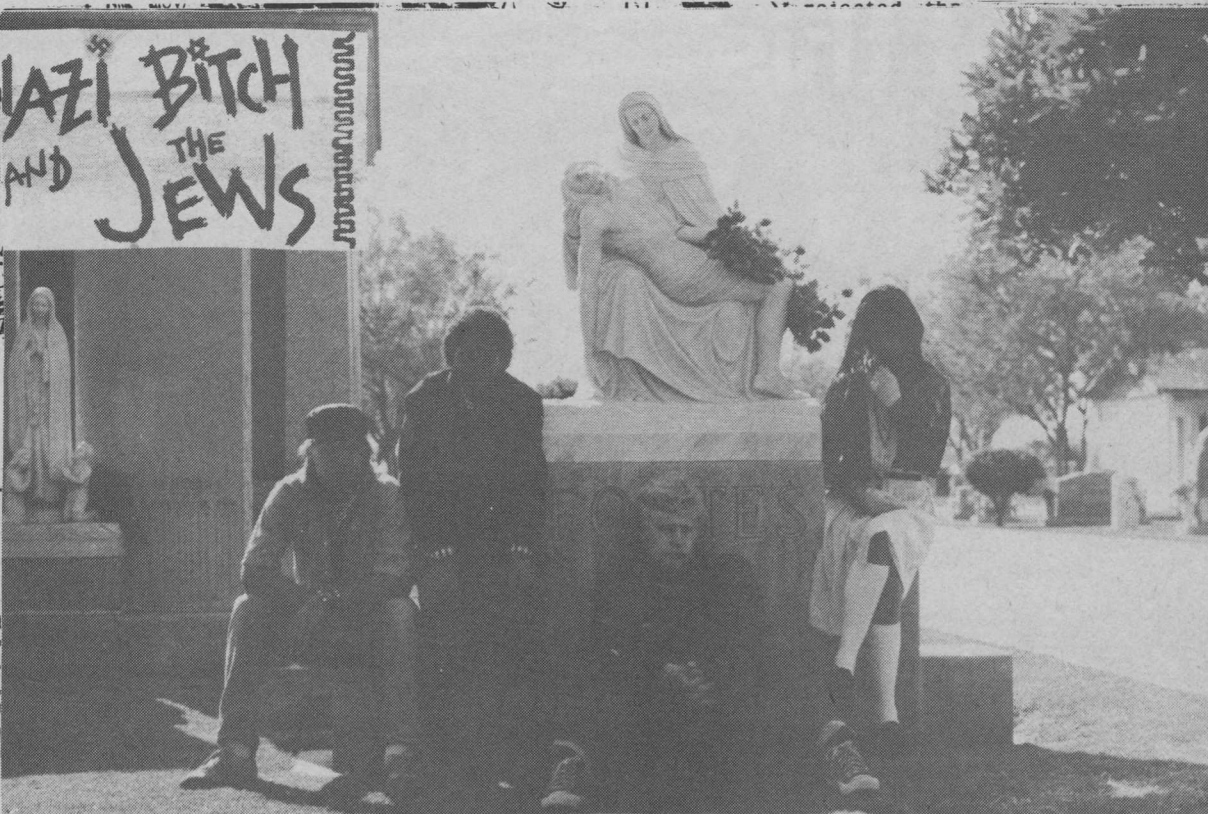
GLENN - GUITAR



CAN YOU SEE THE FRESH BLOOD?
STEAMING INTO THE SOIL
AS OUR PATRIOTS /
FATHERS AND MOTHERS AND LOVERS
ADMIRE THE MILITARY STYLE
PRAISING GOD AND STATE
CRYING TEARS OF PRIDE
FOR THE SONS AND LOVERS
FOR ALL THE FOOLS SLAUGHTERED
FOR THE MAIMED / THE DYING
AND THE DEAD
SO THAT THE NATION WILL LIVE
SO THAT THE PEOPLE CAN
REMAIN AS CATTLE
THEY DEMAND A SACRIFICE
A SACRIFICE

CAN YOU HEAR THE WAR CRY?
IT'S TIME TO ENLIST
THE PEOPLE SPEAK AS ONE
THE CATTLE / THE CROWD
THOSE TOO AFRAID TO LIVE
DEMAND A SACRIFICE
A SACRIFICE
CAN'T YOU SMELL THEIR STINKING BREATH?
LISTEN TO THEM
WHEEZING AND GASPING AND
CHANTING THEIR SLOGANS
THE GRAVEDIGGER'S SONG
DEMANDING A SACRIFICE
A SACRIFICE

'M DAVIS



the president
Senate," he
stance to the
at became
president's

which he said negotiations resident had," was more his remarks play morning. That Reagan's talks had that they ing."

spokesman
on Reagan's
negotiations,
Democrats
that Reagan
leadlock that
ould exploit

nty feel that
eau has fa
house o
nber."

ish this were
terrible to be
organization.'

Copyright © DARKKNIGHT MUSIC* 1980

DEAD PORKER

WHAT AM I WHEN I BUST UP PARTYS
WHO AM I CAUSE I DON'T LIKE DRUGS
I HAVE NO CARE FOR HUMANITY
I TREAT ALL MY PEOPLE LIKE SLUGS

I GOT A BADGE, I GOT A GUN
I GOT A CAR WITH RED LIGHTS
I ROAM AROUND ON NIGHT PATROL
I GET IN STREET FIGHTS

DEAD PORKER-~~DEAD~~ PORKER
THATS WHIAT I'M GONNA BE
DEAD PORKER-DEAD PIGGY
-DIE IN A BLOODY SCENE

THEY MAKE BELIEVE I'M GOOD
ON THE SIDE OF THE LAW
BUT I'M ALWAYS ON THE TAKE
WHEN I'M DOING MY FUCKED UP JOB

I'M THE KING OF POLICE BRUTALITY
I'M THE ONE WHO THROWS AWAY THE KEY
ONE DAY MY BRAIN WILL DRAIN
FROM LIVING TWO LIVES: NORMAL&INSANE

DEAD PORKER-DEAD PORKER
THATS WHAT I'M GONNA BE
DEAD PORKER-**DEAD** PIGGY
DIE IN A BLOODY SCENE

FADE CUT:HELP ME,SAVE ME,OH PLEASE DCN'T HURT ME.I'LL CHANGE,YOU'LL SEE
I PROMISE,I SWEAR,CAUSE I DCN'T WANNA BE A DEAD PORKER-NO,NO,NO

"DEAD PORKER"

WORDS BY/STAN FAIRRINGTON-MUSIC BY/STEVE BRADSHAW&RICK RENEU
PRODUCED BY BRIAN CORLEY-RECORDED AT SUB-BASEMENT STUDIOS

MY CALL TO
ORVILLE

THE BAND

ANNELLE ZINGARELLI---THE VOCALS
STEVE BRADSHAW---GUITAR
STAN FAIRRINGTON---BASS, VOCALS
JUNE BEARD---DRUMS

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

THE SUBTRATIONS, RICK R, \$JAMES\$, DOUG, KEVIN V.D.
X-RAY DOG, AND OUR FRIENDS WHO HAVE BEEN WITH US
SINCE MAY. 31, 1980, THEY KNOW WHO THEY ARE.....

N.B.J. IS NAZI BITCH AND THE JEWS.WE'RE NOT RACISTS,WE'RE NOT FACISTS,
WE'RE REALISTS.WHEN WAR BREAKS OUT,IT'S GOING TO BE US,THE YOUTH OF
TODAY THAT HAVE TO GO,NOT THE PEOPLE UP ON CAPITOL HILL.WE WANT PEOPLE
TO REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED ONCE,SO THEY'RE PREPARED IF IT HAPPENS AGAIN..
THAT'S WHY THE CONCENTRATION CAMPS STILL STAND IN DACHAU,SO PEOPLE WILL
NEVER FORGET THAT TRAGEDY IN 1942.IT'S 1982 AND PEOPLE HAVE TO THINK FOR
THEMSELVES,NOT BE WILLING TO BE LED BY ANY ONE VOICE.LIVING IN A COUNTRY
THAT HAS A PRESIDENT WHO USED TO STAR IN MOVIES WITH A MONKEY CAN'T
REALLY BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY.WE NEED TO LOCK AT LIFE AND STAND FOR OURSELVES,
LEARN HOW TO LAUGH AT SOCIETY,OTHERWISE WE'RE GOING TO DIE BEING AFRAID
OF IT.BESIDES FRESNO'S DEAD AND WE HAD TO DO SOMETHING TO HAVE FUN!!!!!!

Don't let this happen in Our City

WHIPPING BOY

The NIGHTMARE you can't escape **ALIVE!**

Instinct pulls your foot away ... You look down, and you see ...

What is the worst act a woman can be forced to commit... again and again...

WHERE THERE'S SEX... THERE'S HORROR!

THIS ISSUE: EVERYBODY DIES!

TO WAR WE GO LETS REAP WHAT YOU SOW
DEATH CAMPS AND BURNING BODIES
SUFFERING LITTLE JEWS
ON THE EVENING NEWS

YOU'LL LIVE OUR WAY YOU'LL DIE OUR WAY
AND DYINGS JUST AS WELL
YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS AFTER DEATH
CAN'T BE WORSE THAN THIS HELL

WE NEED YOUR BLOOD BUT WON'T TELL WHY
TILL HARVEST TIME IS HERE
ITS HARVEST TIME SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE

DON'T TAKE YOUR LIFE IN FEAR
DON'T FIGHT OR YELL DON'T ACT SO MAD
BELIEVE OUR LIES AND MAKE THEM YOURS THATS WHAT OUR DREAMS ARE MADE OF

DON'T ASK WHY AND DON'T WASTE TIME DON'T TRY TO BE CREATIVE
TO WAR WE GO LETS REAP WHAT YOU SOW
A MILLION ZOMBIES STARING BLANK A MILLION BRAINLESS DRONES
YOU AREN'T THE FIRST TO HATE THE WAYS WE'VE BROKEN MEN BEFORE YOU
CONTROL YOURSELF OR WE WILL DO IT FOR YOU

HUMAN FARM
YOU GO TO WORK AND WATCH TV AND REPRODUCE THEIR CLONES
LET'S REAP WHAT YOU SOW
DON'T FIGHT OR YELL DON'T ACT SO MAD
BELIEVE OUR LIES AND MAKE THEM YOURS THATS WHAT OUR DREAMS ARE MADE OF

and, since the group lacks both quality and general appeal, we are not willing to risk engaging a group with their reputation, especially since similar, high quality and that the group has limited appeal. These, however, are unwillingness to take what he defines as a "risk" on a punk band. It seems that Garwood expects hordes of crazed, spike-haired and bechained maniacs to come out of the woodwork to smash Tresidder's plate glass windows with rocks.

"Whipping Boy" is not of high quality and that the group has limited appeal. These, however, are unwillingness to take what he defines as a "risk" on a punk band. It seems that Garwood expects hordes of crazed, spike-haired and bechained maniacs to come out of the woodwork to smash Tresidder's plate glass windows with rocks.

Finally, there is a modicum of courtesy, respect and professional behavior necessary for the running of any organization like STARTS. "Whipping Boy" fell short on all three counts.

trendy subjective I'd say that their music is vulgar and depressing.

on the grounds (ex

Knowledge is power

WHIPPING BOY

ANGST

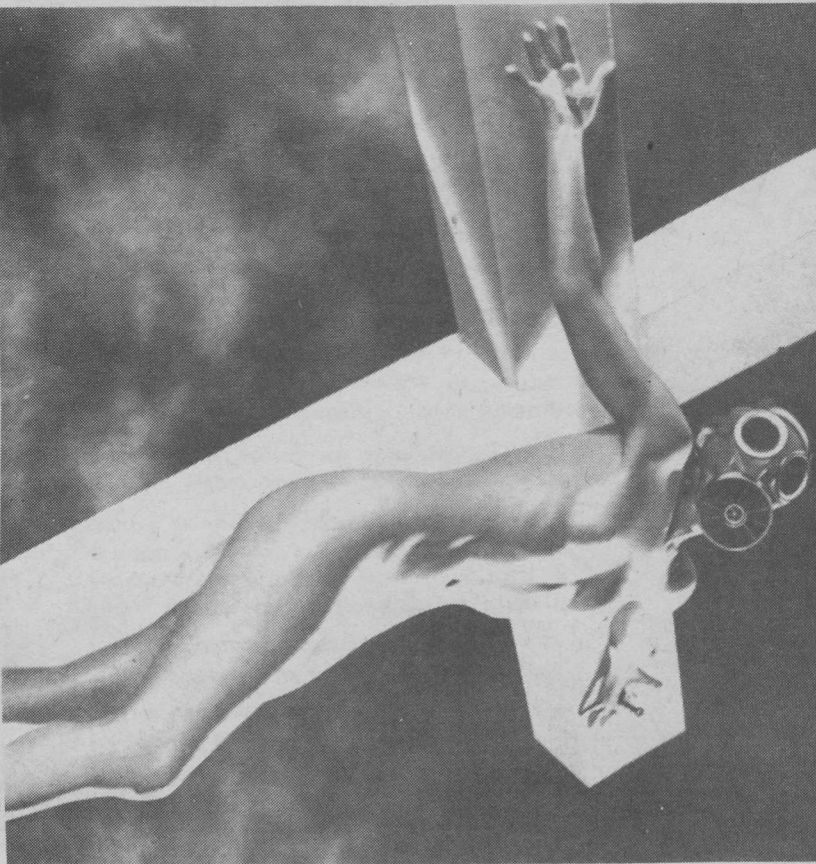


PHOTO: ROYE

WORKER BEE

(J. POPE) :55

WE DON'T CARE THAT WE WORK ALL DAY
GETTING PAID MINIMUM WAGE
WE DON'T COMPLAIN AND WE MAKE NO FUSS
OUR BOSS IS SO MUCH SMARTER THAN US
WE ARE BEES IN A COLONY
WORK, WORK, WORK
'TIL WE ARE FREE

WORK WILL SET YOU FREE
WORK WILL SET YOU FREE
WORK WILL SET YOU FREE
WORK WILL SET YOU FREE

IT REALLY ISN'T QUITE THAT BAD
SHOES ON MY FEET AND A SHIRT ON MY BACK
I LIVE ALONE IN ONE WHOLE ROOM
MIGHT EVEN BUY SOME FURNITURE SOON
IT'S ALL THE COMPANY
THEY CARE ABOUT YOU
CARE ABOUT YOU AND ME

WORK WILL SET YOU FREE
WORK WILL SET YOU FREE
WORK WILL SET YOU FREE
WORK WILL SET YOU FREE

© 1982 MODULAR MUSIC

PRODUCED BY: KLAUS, TOM AND ANGST RECORDED AT: MALDON STUDIOS
BAND INFO: % J. POPE 2215-R MARKET ST. #274 S.F. CA 94114

MICHAEL HURSEY
DRUMS

JOSEPH POPE
BASS VOCALS

JON E. RISK
GUITAR VOCALS

FREE BEER

"THE ONLY BEER THAT MATTERS"

PREMATURE ENLISTMENT

THE FEW THE PROUD THE MENTALLY III
HERE'S A GUN WILL
YOU JOINED THE ARMY TO STRAITEN OUT
YOUR LIFE
NOW THERES A WAR YOUR GONNA HAVE
TO FIGHT
COMMIES AND NAZIS FIGHTING EVERYWHERE
AND YOU DONT EVEN CARE
THE OTHER DAY OUT ON THE RIFLE RANGE
YOUR FRIEND BLEW OUT HIS BRAINS
BLOOD AND GUTS WAR YOUR JUST A YOUNG BOY
YOUR LUCKY IF YOU LIVE TO 24
AND THEY TOLD YOU JOINING WAS SUCH A DEAL
ITS YOUR LIFE THERE GONNA STEAL
CHORUS
ARE YOU READY TO WATCH YOUR FRIENDS GLOW
WHEN THE NUCLEAR SWITCH IS THROWN
NUCLEAR FOREPLAY HAS LASTED SO LONG
CONSIDER YOURSELF GONE
ON THE BATTLEFIELD WONDERING WHY YOU SIGNED
AND LET THESE PEOPLE PLAY WITH YOUR MIND
AND THEY TOLD YOU JOINING WAS SUCH A DEAL
ITS YOUR LIFE THERE ABOUT TO STEAL.

FREE BEER
THE INGREDIENTS:
DANNY-GUITAR
TONY-GUITAR
MIKIE-MIC
STEVIE-DRUMS
TOMMY-BASS

THE BAND WAS BREWED IN DEC. 81
IT CONSISTS OF 3/5 REVENGE 1/5
A.I.A 1/5 ALCOHOLIC. FREE BEERS
MAIN WORRIES ARE THE DRINKING
AGE, THE TECHNICOLOR YAWN, AND
THE RAISING OF BEER PRICES.
IF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS WRITE
TO US AT: FREE BEER
1279 7th AVE.
S.F. CA. 94122



UNABLE TO MAKE BAND
PHOTO: TOMMY(hungover)

RECORDED AT TOM MALLON
STUDIOS SF.

PRODUCED BY T. MALLON & FREE BEER



San Francisco



DOMINO THEORY

SCARE

BONES OF TREASURE, FLESH TO DUST
DAMAGE IS DONE AND HERE'S A BODY.
ALL I SEE AROUND IS WASTE AND RUST
PROVES WHAT I'D KNOWN, DIDN'T NEED THE SOLDIER

THE SCARE OF BURNING EYES
MODEL YOUR GLOWING HIDE

RADIOS BLARING SIREN NOISE
SOUNDS LIKE MUSIC AND A WARNING
LOOK IN THE WINDOW, BROKEN GLASS
LAST HEADLINE READ 'RADAR SHONING'

THE SCARE OF BURNING EYES
MODEL YOUR GLOWING HIDE

RICHMAN, POORMAN, COOLS AND CREEPS
ALL OVER, EVERYONE LOST THEIR GLORY
THE DEAD ARE HAPPY THEY WENT FAST
BUT I HURT SLOW AND SLOW I'M GOING

THE SCARE OF BURNING EYES
MODEL YOUR GLOWING HIDE

©1982 INSIDE THE SCARE (BM)



KURT
(DRUMS)

CHRIS
(GUITAR)



DON'T RUN, DON'T GIVE IN TO ANYONE
YOU'VE GOT A MIND BLIND
DON'T GIVE IT AWAY BLIND



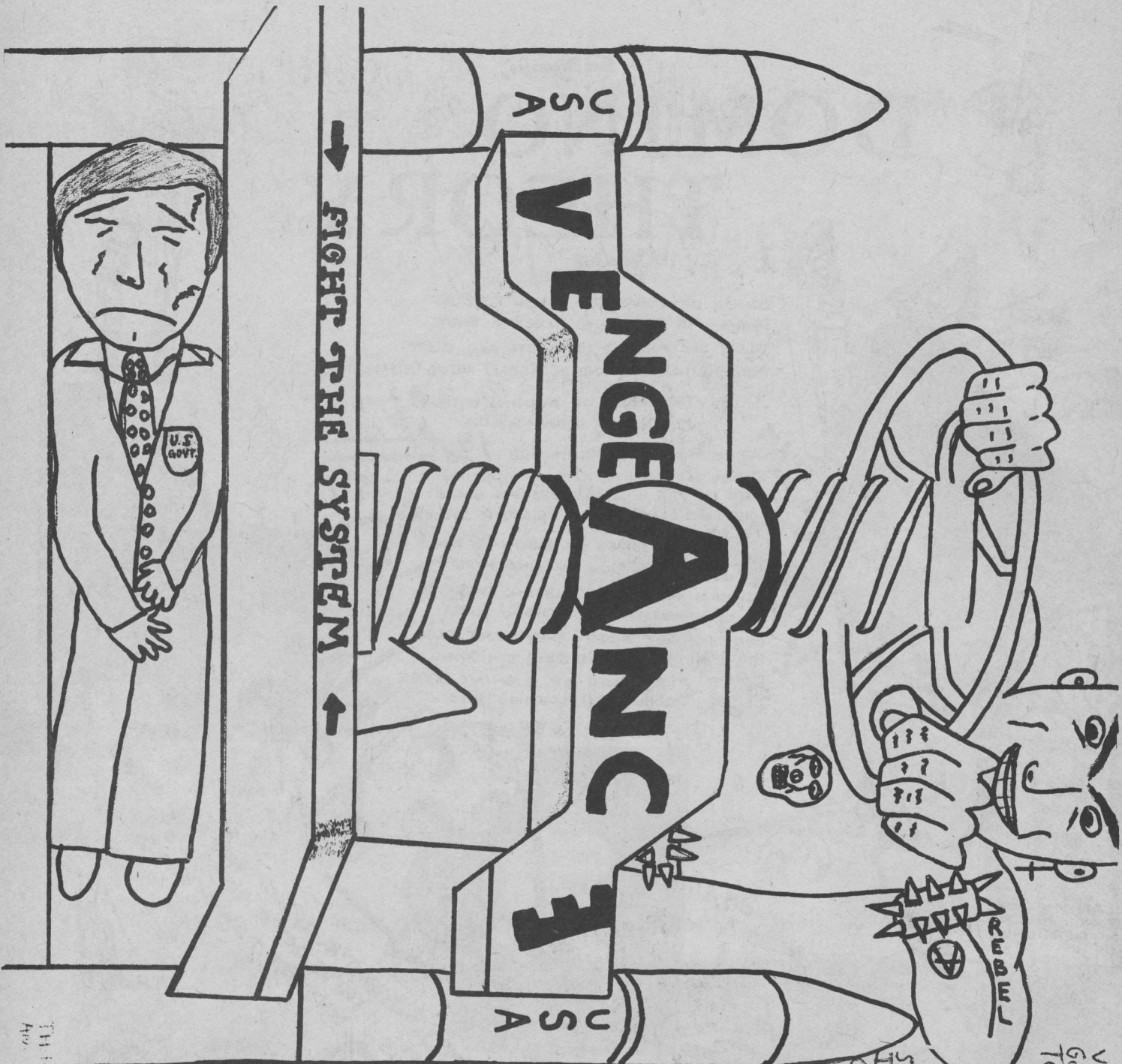
Chevron

McDONALDS

MO
BASS,
VOCALS

PREVENTION
TREATMENT
RESEARCH





VENGEANCE 15: Jimmy Invalid-
Guitars AND backing vox-19-
Terry Parker-Drum KIT-18-
Robb Square-BASS-17-

A JX-VOCALS-20
NO ONE LISTENS BY INVAD
ARRANGED BY VENGEANCE 3

SITTING AROUND THINKING THINGS TO SAY
STAYING YOUR POINT TO ME IN WHAT YOU MEAN
IT'S FUCKED CAUSE THEIR HERE TO STAY
CAN'T KILL EM, KEEPIN YOUR FEELING CLEAN
-NO ONE LISTENS TO A WORD I SAY
READ ABOUT EVERYTHING GOIN AROUND
IT SUCKS CAUSE NOTHING EVER GETS DONE
THE PRESIDENT SHOULD BE AGED AND BOUND
THIS LIFE OF OURS IS NOT FUN
-NO ONE LISTENS TO A WORD I SAY
YOUTH NEEDS A CHANCE TO SPEAK
EVERYONE TAKIN A FIRM STANCE
DON'T BE STUPID, DON'T BE COOK
DON'T GO AND BLOW YOUR ONLY CHANCE
-NO ONE LISTENS, NO ONE LISTENS
THINGS SHOULD BE DONE MY WAY
COURSE IT'LL NEVER HAPPEN
IT'LL NEVER HAPPEN YOU LITTLE BASTARDS!!
(REPEAT)



THEY TO THE FUTURE OF CANADA
AND OFFER IT TO THE FUTURE.

'The cops is beating on the punks.

"They told me
that if they saw me on the streets again they'd kill me

AND-HANGING OUT
G ROWDY-SOME GETTING DRUNK
HAVIN FUN-MINDIN' OUR
HURTIN NO ONE
THE KOPZ ARE HERE, NOW WHAT DO WE
AT ME NOT YOU

NOT HURTING NOONE
THE KOPZ ARE HERE, NOW WHAT DO WE
DO? WHO STARTED SHIT? NOT ME, NOT YOU
THEYVE GOT OUR FRIEND, NOW WHAT DO
WE DO? THEYRE GONNA BEATHIM
BLACK AND BLUE!!
THEYRE TAKING HIM AWAY, WHAT DIDHE DO
LIKE A FO

E DO. THERE GO
LACK AND BLUE!!
THEY'RE TAKING HIM AWAY, WHAT DID HE DO?
I FEEL HELPLESS, I FEEL LIKE A FOOL
WE YELL REAL LOUD, BUT WE BETTER
CALM DOWN:
JUST HIT THE GROUND

I FEEL HELPLESS
WE YELL REAL LOUD, BUT WE BELIEVE
CALM DOWN:
'COZ ONE OF US JUST HIT THE GROUND!

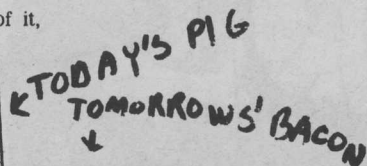
S&M NIGHTMARE!!

The particular incident the group was protesting occurred in the early hours of Sunday morning outside of the Sound of Music, a punk rock club on Turk Street.

Police had been called to break up a gathering of punk rockers outside the club, many of them juveniles.

"All the time, man, all the time," said one. "The cops is beating on the punks. We're tired of it, man."

...AN YOU KNOW IT'LL PASS ANY STREET
FRISK CAUSE NOBODY IN THE WORLD IS
AS TERRIFIED-BY THE HOMOSEXUAL HALF
OF HIMSELF-AS A COP IS.



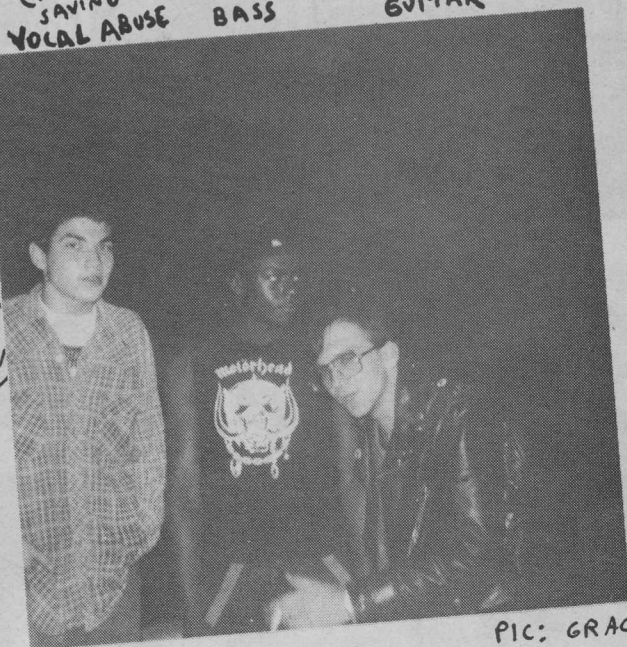
CHRIS
(VERMIN)
SAVINO
VOCAL ABUSE

RON
CHARLES
BASS

JON
(ST) VITUS
GUITAR



THANK: AL, THE MDC CURSING
SECTION (BACKUP VOCALS), KLAUS
FLOURIDE For Recording this SHIT,
Chris from the Lewt for practicing
with us (SORRY CHRIS), IGUANA,
TIM YOHANN, OH YEAH
AND TOM MALLON FOR MAKING IT SOUND LESS DECENT



PIC: GRACE

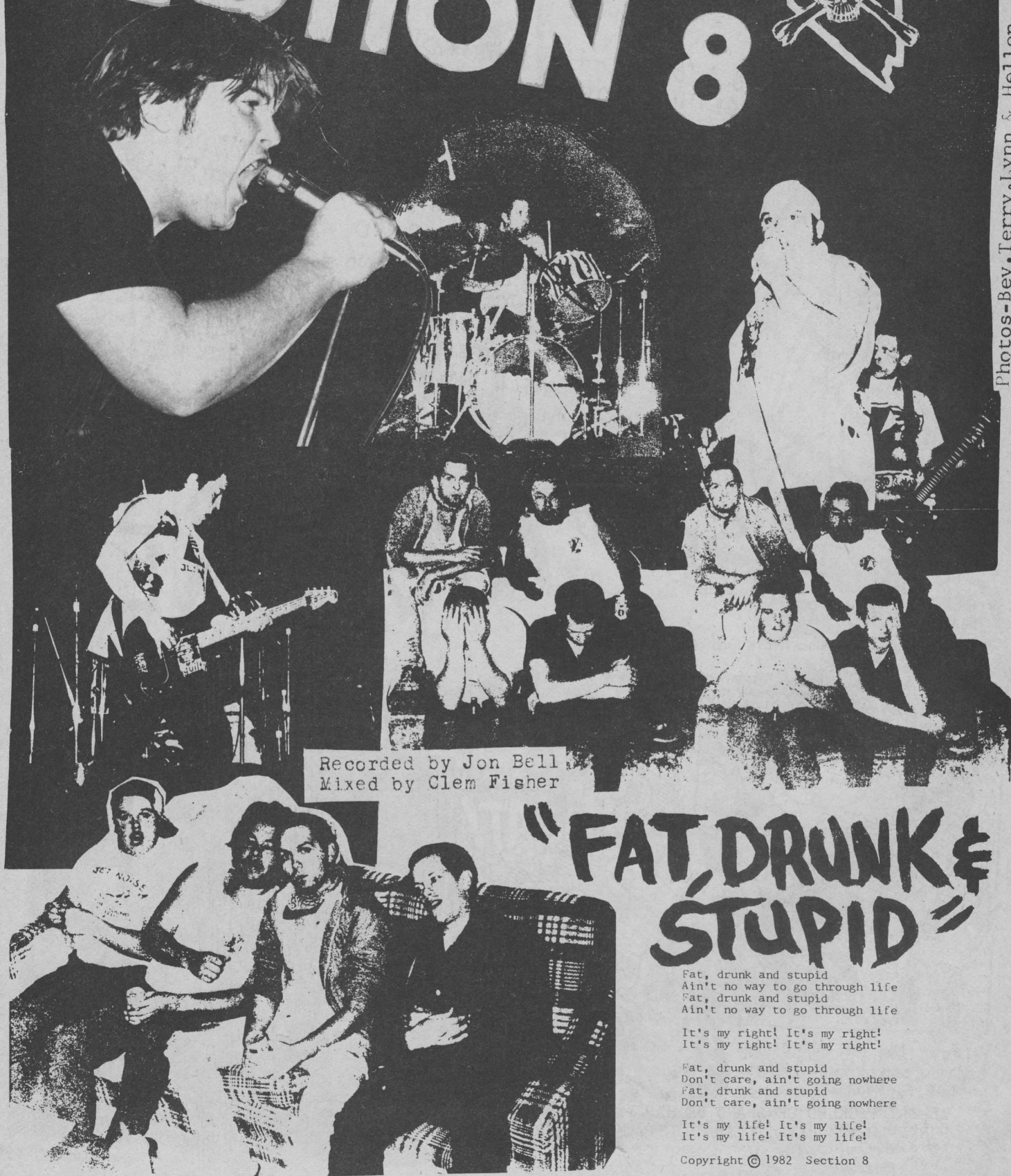
WE FORCED AL FROM MDC TO PLAY DRUMZ

SECTION 8

Dim-vocals
Tom-drums
Louie-bass
Jim-guitar



Photos-Bev, Terry, Lynn & Hellen



Recorded by Jon Bell
Mixed by Clem Fisher

"FAT, DRUNK & STUPID"

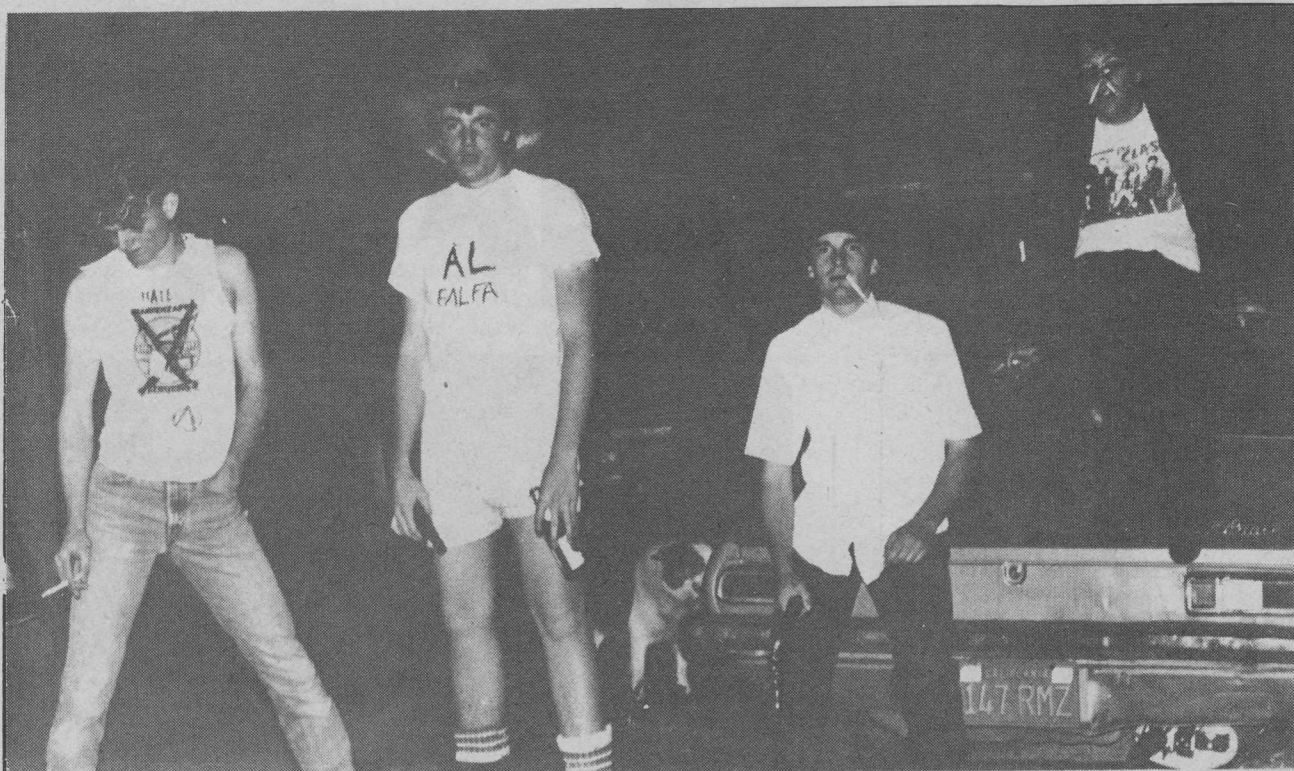
Fat, drunk and stupid
Ain't no way to go through life
Fat, drunk and stupid
Ain't no way to go through life

It's my right! It's my right!
It's my right! It's my right!

Fat, drunk and stupid
Don't care, ain't going nowhere
Fat, drunk and stupid
Don't care, ain't going nowhere

It's my life! It's my life!
It's my life! It's my life!

Copyright © 1982 Section 8



NIVAG RETSEVI-GUITAR AL FALFA-VOCALS BURNI NGUREN-DRUMS DR. FRANKLIN O. SWING-BASS

- P.F.-WHAT ARE YOUR MUSICAL INFLUENCES?
NIVAG-THE SOUND OF A WATERFALL.
AL-SELAB EVAD, DON HO, AND CHARLES MANSON.
BURNI-MALO, AZTECA, THE FARTZ, AND LOS OLVIDADOS.
FRANKLIN-AL FALFA, SUSAN FLUTE, JOMOMA, AND MY MOM.
- P.F.-WHAT ARE YOUR HOBBIES?
NIVAG-CONTRACTING HEPATITIS AND SURVIVING, AND PAINTING TELEPHONE POLES YELLOW.
AL-KILLING THINGS, THROWING DUNG, AND BITING PEOPLE.
BURNI-JERKING, AND WRITING ON THE SEATS ON THE BUS.
FRANKLIN-MATH, EATING, AND TRASHING ART MAJORS.
- P.F.-WHAT IS THE TRUE MEANING OF LIFE?
NIVAG-LIFE IS GREEN, LIFE IS MEAN, BUT MOST OF ALL LIFE IS OBSCENE.
AL-JOHN WAYNE'S ARMPITS HOLD THE ANSWER.
BURNI-MICROWAVE BURRITOS.
FRANKLIN-SOLVING INTEGRALS.
- P.F.-WHERE ARE YOU FROM?
NIVAG-I WAS BORN IN HIROSHIMA, JAPAN IN 1945.
AL-THE MORGUE.
BURNI-THE BARRIOS OF VILNIUS, LITHUANIA.
FRANKLIN-A BLACK HOLE BUILT IN MY BACKYARD.
- P.F.-WHAT ARE YOUR GOALS IN LIFE?
NIVAG-TO SOMEDAY POSE FOR A CHARLES ATLAS POSTER, THEN GET LOST IN A GLUE FACTORY.
AL-TO ABUSE EVERYTHING EXCEPT DRUGS.
BURNI-IN THREE YEARS OF LITTLE LEAGUE SOCCER I SCORED SEVEN GOALS AND TWENTY ASSISTS.
FRANKLIN-TO NOT END UP FACE DOWN IN THE GUTTER THIS YEAR.
- P.F.-DO YOU HAVE A MESSAGE FOR YOUR ADORING FANS?
NIVAG-STAY AWAY FROM GREG'S BAR AND GRILL ON 9TH STREET THE CHILI WILL FRY YOUR BRAIN.
AL-EAT PICKLED OKRA AND BE HAPPY.
BURNI-IF YOU HAVE TITS AND LIPS MEET ME BACKSTAGE.
FRANKLIN-BUY THIS RECORD AND SEND ME MONEY.

WE'RE THE LIBYAN HIT SQUAD
WE'RE HERE TO GET JAMES WATT
WE'RE GONNA KILL RONNIE REAGAN
AND HIS WHOLE ADMINISTRATION

WE'RE THE LIBYAN HIT SQUAD
MOE KHADAFY IS OUR BOSS
WE'RE GONNA KILL RONNIE REAGAN
IT'S NOBODY'S LOSS

WE'RE HERE TO KILL
WE'RE HERE TO KILL
WE'RE HERE TO KILL

WE'RE THE LIBYAN HIT SQUAD
WE KNOW EXACTLY WHAT WE WANT
WE WANNA KILL RONNIE REAGAN
AND LAUGH WHILE WE WATCH HIM DIE

WE'RE HERE TO KILL
WE'RE HERE TO KILL
WE'RE HERE TO KILL

WE'RE THE LIBYAN HIT SQUAD
MOE KHADAFY IS OUR BOSS
WE'RE GONNA KILL RONNIE REAGAN
IT'S NOBODY'S LOSS

WE'RE HERE TO KILL
WE'RE HERE TO KILL
WE'RE HERE TO KILLLLLLL
&\$¢%?!?&*\$#@***%\$+*YA!!

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY
TONGUE AVULSION.

INTERVIEW BY PIG FOOT.

MANIAX

OFF TO WAR

off to war I'm gonna die
off to war you're gonna cry
off to war in a rut
off to war kick your butt
off to war blood and gore
off to war more and more
off to war on the floor
off to war out the door

more and more and more
hup two three four
left right left right
off to war!

(Repeat as long as you want)

written by the Mitchell twins
recorded at Eric's house
July 1981 in Fresno

Gregg Mitchell

.....vocals

Rob Mitchell

.....vocals

Nick Urbina

.....guitar

Eric Dansby

.....drums



The Maniax Story...

It all started last summer, when we were bored with Fresno and tired of all the heavy-metal commercialism. With a lack of instruments, a lousy recorder, and a knowledge of current events, we formed a punk band and made songs. We sent our tapes to KPFA and got much airplay & raves. This led to cult status and a headlining gig at The Mabuhay in San Francisco, but we never thought that we'd be on a compilation album!!!

"Punk is about the only free political forum we have left, and I want to show that even 14 year-olds can act intelligent without video games ruling their lives."

"The boring, rock, mainstream society in which we live in is what I hate the most! Punk is hot, I love to thrash, and my idol is Joe Strummer."

"I like to make music, the kind I want to hear and play, not the hard rock scum society has forced on us. Punk and new music is on the rise, and so are we."

"I hate it when people that haven't heard punk rock before say that it sucks. It really makes me sick!"

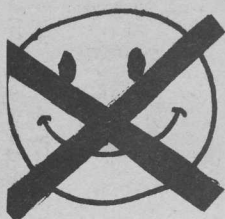


Special Thanks to:
Jello, Dale,
Tim and the Gang, Gary, Annette,
Eric T., Lynda, Gary, Momm & Dads,
Eric Holt, Elise, Momm & Dads,
the Fresno bands and pets
all our friends and pets

MANIAX ©

"NO THERE'S NO FAN CLUB..."

MADE POSSIBLE
BY US!



FIGHT THE VICIOUS CIRCLE they've got us in. Use your brain to fight those who don't have brains; the government, the moral majority, the right wing, nazis, fascists, the KKK, dumbfucks who believe everything they see and hear from the barrage of censored media shit that pounds your senses from the government. **FIGHT THEM ALL.** Middle class right wing idiots laugh at us because we don't accept their ways and don't fit into their mold. **THE LAUGHING WILL STOP.** Their control is all a fucking act. Reagan, Haig, Fallwell, all act as if they are in control. **NO MORE DECEPTION.** False smiles of contentment. **THEY RUN SCARED.** Scared of those who offer an alternative, or at least realize their deception. **FUCK MAJORITY RULE!** No one rules every bastion of middle America and its values. Their majority rule oppresses all those who don't fit into the majority. Make them realize that we need a change. They won't turn deaf ears any more. **THINK!** Don't take their rules for granted. They are for those who oppress us; for the government's security. **FOR SHIT.** Prisoners of our own future **FIGHT.....**



STRIKE OUT

Violence for life
Pain and strife
Has to change
Explode with rage

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!
KNIVES, BOTTLES, FISTS, SHOW'EM WHO'S RIGHT

Fuck the majority
Fuck their authority
Fight their rules
They're fucking fools

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!
KNIVES, BOTTLES, FISTS,
SHOW'EM WHO'S RIGHT

Paint the walls
Smash the bottles
Then they'll hear
There's war in the air

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!
KNIVES, BOTTLES, FISTS,
SHOW'EM WHO'S RIGHT

THEY FEED US LIES!
Born-again christians' telethons
Use GOD to make their millions
The lord's work pays, and what they do
is preach the sermon and feed us LIES!

I'M CONFUSED!

NO PICTURES
NO NAMES
NO ACT

V
I
C
I
O
U
S
C
I
R
C
L
E

Big brother's got you on the run
The man with the badge is the man with the gun
He's hired by the money grabbing bastards who
Control our society and oppress me and you!

Everyone blindly following along behind the other
it doesn't matter who it is and it doesn't matter why

NO one with an answer- a way to cure our ills
Capitalist, Communist, Socialist, every attempt fails!

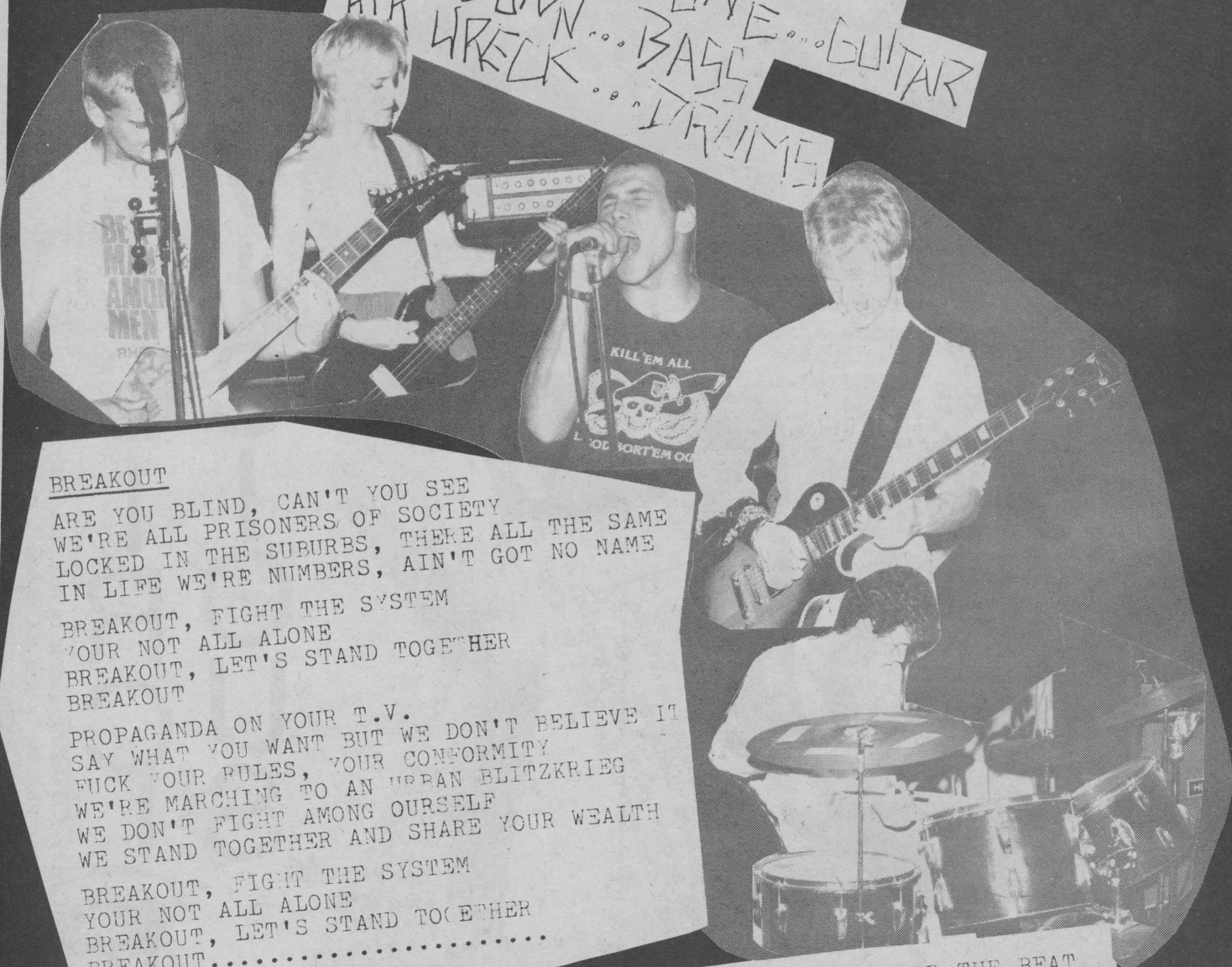
VICIOUS CIRCLE n.

A chain of abnormal processes in which a primary disorder leads to a second which in turn aggravates the first.



TARGET: MARIN COUNTY
IN MARIN COUNTY WHERE THERE IS
THIS AURA OF MELLOWNESS, UXB
IS UNDERGROUND AT WORK UNDER-
MINING THE SOCIO-ECONOMIC SUB-
STRUCTURE OF UPPER MIDDLE CLASS
SUBURBIA. USING THE LATEST TECH-
NIQUES IN CLANDISTINE OPERATIONS,
UXB IS SUBLIMINALLY INFILTRATING
THE MINDS OF MARIN'S DECADENT
YOUTH. GOD WILLING, WE WILL
OVERCOME.

IRA HOOD... VOCALS
BOB... GUITAR
BRYANT BARRITT... VOCALS
BIBI GUN... BASS
RICK WRECK... GUITAR
IT'S TIME



BREAKOUT

ARE YOU BLIND, CAN'T YOU SEE
WE'RE ALL PRISONERS OF SOCIETY
LOCKED IN THE SUBURBS, THERE ALL THE SAME
IN LIFE WE'RE NUMBERS, AIN'T GOT NO NAME

BREAKOUT, FIGHT THE SYSTEM
YOUR NOT ALL ALONE
BREAKOUT, LET'S STAND TOGETHER
BREAKOUT

PROPAGANDA ON YOUR T.V.
SAY WHAT YOU WANT BUT WE DON'T BELIEVE IT
FUCK YOUR RULES, YOUR CONFORMITY
WE'RE MARCHING TO AN URBAN BLITZKRIEG
WE DON'T FIGHT AMONG OURSELF
WE STAND TOGETHER AND SHARE YOUR WEALTH

BREAKOUT, FIGHT THE SYSTEM
YOUR NOT ALL ALONE
BREAKOUT, LET'S STAND TOGETHER
BREAKOUT.....

THANKS JIM FOR THE BEAT
ENGINEERED BY KIRK SCHREIL, BIG PINK WEST

SCAPEGOATS

SHITCAN

I've got the world in my pocket
There are no pants on my ass
Bleeding wallets in the market
Another corporate joke
To turn your fears into smoke
Warriors, don't give up hope!
My life is going
My life is wasting into the shitcan
My life is going to the shitcan

Utopian dreams for the masses
Children praying by their beds
Simplistic dreams for your nightmares
Express yourself if you can
Boogie till you meltdown

Drinking, drugging, rock and roll
Fucking by the fire?!
Insensitive assholes all around me
My life is going
My life is wasting to the shitcan
My life is going to the shitcan
I cry, I hope

Soave Loco - Guitar, Lead Vocals, Songwriter
Henry Hample - Bass, Vocals
Joey Peters - Drums (replaced by Michael Litton)

Recorded August, 1981 at Magic Sounds
Produced by the Scapegoats and Alan Goldwater
Photography by Sylvia Foley and Hilary Flash

For bookings, contact Henry Hample
(408) 429-1188
1001 Center St., Santa Cruz, CA 95060

Other Atrocious Anthems

Fingers
Moral Majority
(with apologies to
you-know-who)
I Like The Street
Real Still Life
P.O.W.
Fear Factor
Sentinel
I Don't Buy The Line
Lost World
Children
Friends And Neighbors
Backstabber
Life Or Death
Bestitis
Not Cool, Not Mellow
Done My Time
Disturbed World
Freedom Fighters
Bloat Yourself
Your Love Was Like A Carton
Of Imitation Milk



It's cheaper than you think

Church Police



TIM GALLAHER: VOCAL

BRUCE GAUD: BASS

ERIC LUNDMARK: DRUMS

DAVE BLAKESLEE: GUITAR

*There's more
to rock & roll
than we know*

THE OVEN IS MY FRIEND

I TURN IT ON
580 DEGREES
THAT'S HOT ENOUGH
MY TONGUE IS READY
I OPEN THE DOOR
I'M GETTING CLOSER
THE HEAT BURNS MY EYES
TONGUE MEETS THE ELEMENT
IT'S MUTUAL FRIENDSHIP
THE OVEN IS MY PAL

MOM COMES HOME
MY FACE IS DESTROYED
SHE SENDS ME TO THE PSYCHIATRIST
BUT I DON'T LISTEN
THE OVEN IS MY FRIEND

RECORDED LIVE MARCH 24 1982
AT BAY SOUND, OAKLAND

PRODUCED BY KEVIN ARMY
ENGINEERED BY MAX TRASH
MIXED BY MAX FACTOR AND CHURCH POLICE
PHOTOS BY JOE MAMA AND YOU

© 1980 CHURCH POLICE
© 1982 MELLOW SHIT MUSIC

CONTACT:

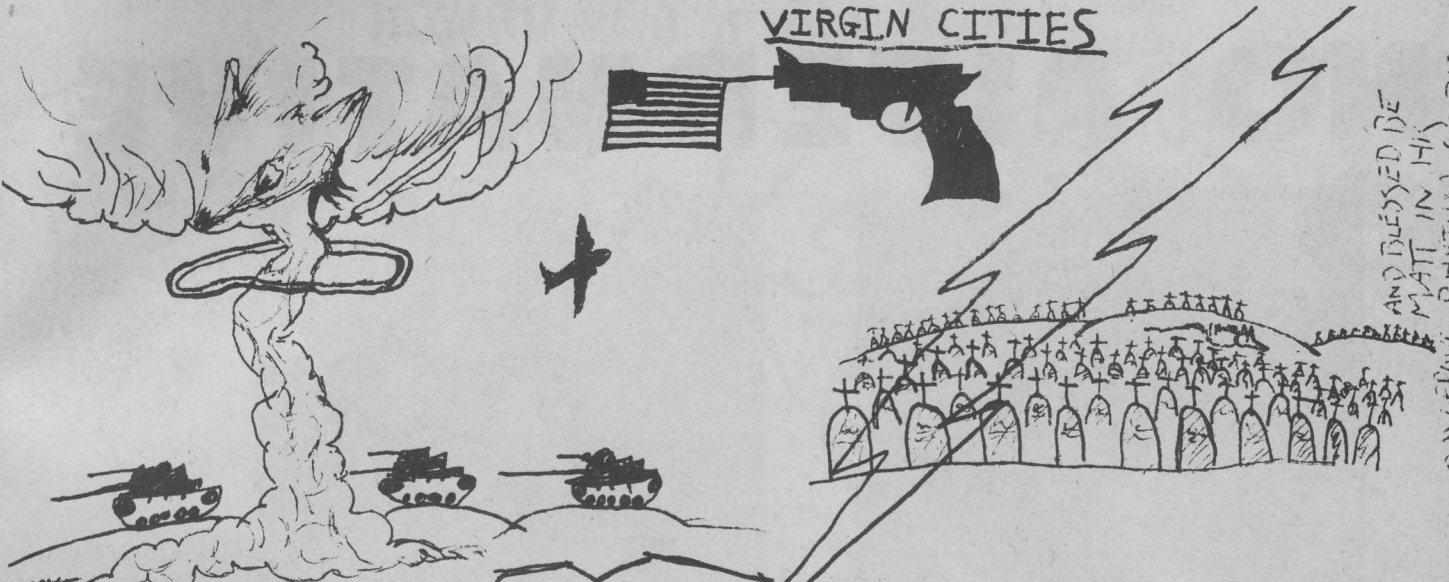
CHURCH POLICE
P.O. BOX 2397
PLEASANT HILL, CALIFORNIA 94523

WORDS: T. GALLAHER/E. LUNDMARK
MUSIC: CHURCH POLICE

ART: BRUCE & ERIC

VIRGIN CITIES

AND BLESSED BE
MATT IN HIS
DANGER'S RHYTHM STUDIO



SYSTEM SUCKS
SYSTEM IS FUCKED
SYSTEM SUCKS
OK?

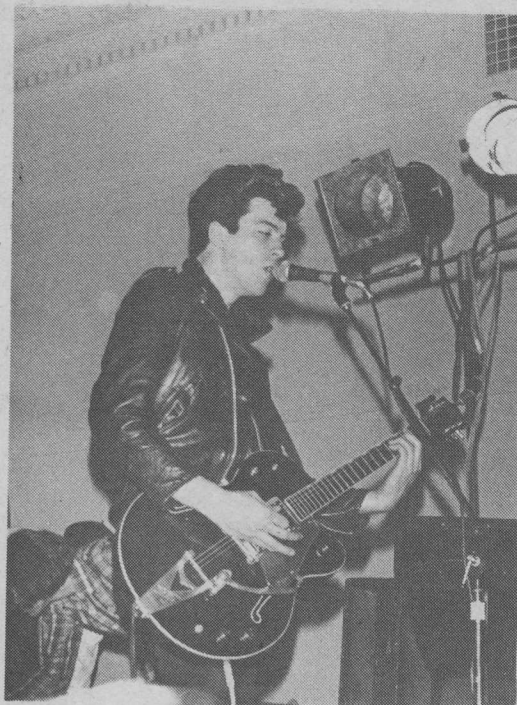
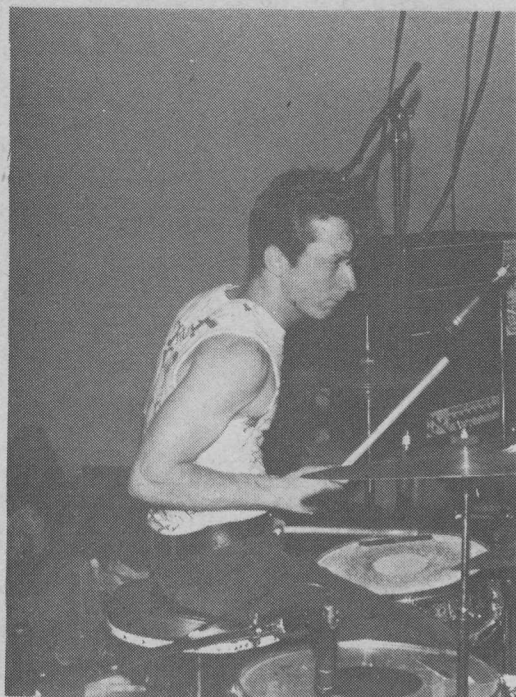


Death Reign

LOOK AT THOSE PEOPLE WHO DIED
FIGHTING
LOOK AT THOSE PEOPLE WHO'LL NEVER
CARE
LOOK AT THOSE BODIES COVERED WITH
BLOOD
AT THE BUREAUCRAT'S
EXPENSE TAGET
THEM OUT OF
HIS HAIR

ANDY-GUITAR
ANNA-DRUMS
JACK-GUITAR
MIKE-MOUTH
Scott-BASS

NO ALTERNATIVE



DEAD MEN TELL NO LIES

*"Dead men tell no lies
in the heat of a New York night
the warzone they call home
is just another fight
Dead men tell no lies
with Johnnys' sliced up face
saw it in the obituary
it looked so out of place."*

Words & Music by John Patterson

Copyright 1981 John Patterson

Photos: P. Denis

Design: G. Langston

Recorded at Mallon studios, S.F.

Jeff Rees-Bass & Vocals
John Patterson-Guitar & Lead Vocals
Greg Langston-Drums & Vocals

Double vagina

THE WRECKS

HOW TO BE A JEWISH MOTHER

Barbecue-in-a-boat

RENO



DR. WU INVITES
YOU TO ENJOY

Cash-in on Government
Programs

PUNK'S AN Attitude...

SWEAR TO GOD I GET SICK OF PEOPLE'S ATTITUDES
AND TRYIN TO FIGURE THEM OUT
THEY TALK ABOUT SHIT THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND
AND DRESS TO FIT THE TREND
YOU CAN BE ACCEPTED OR REJECTED
IN PUNK OR SOCIETY
YOU CAN PLAY THE ROLE, I'LL JUST BE MYSELF
FUCK PEOPLE WHO THINK I'M A HIPPIE
OR A WEEKEND PUNK
IF THEY STOPPED TO THINK THEY'D SEE
PUNK IS AN ATTITUDE
PUNK IS AN ATTITUDE-INDIVIDUALITY IS THE KEY
DO WHAT YOU WANT, DON T CARE WHAT THEY THINK
I GUESS SOME PEOPLE JUST CAN T SEE.....
TRENDIES SUCK!!!
©1981 JONE JETSON



BLIND People
know a
good time
when they
see it.

"A big black bird
screamed
Roto-Rooter"

NEVER STEP IN
DOG WASTE AGAIN!



After the blowup, Joan's
self-confidence crumbled, the
insider said.



A True Story, by THE WRECKS-

MY FREE GIFT
COMES WITH
EVERY ORDER



the wrecks
© ODF
H'scott

lice
Dramatically different

Breast Cancer Linked to Constipation

Novices this tiny thing is hard

Are you a roadie? Do you want to be
a roadie? Write to Teri Lee (our personal
female roadie for details & exclusive
newsletter on The Roadie Club at
above Box!

How's Your
Hearing?

PLEASE GOD
- LET ME
DIE NAKED IN
A FAST CAR
CRASH WITH
THE RADIO
TURNED
FULL ON!



A
legend isn't
built overnight.

Western Living

Reno's all girl band were born to a family of ceramic lizards
and have been around since about October 1980. These girls range in age
from 16 to 18. Hell-n-52, Jones-9, Bess-147, and Lynn-2 months. they play
Ozark music on a variety of instruments; Lynn-spoons and mandolin, Bess-
fiddle and kazoc, Jones-washboard and harmonica, and Hell-n-banjo and jug.
MUSICAL INFLUENCES: Molly Hatchett, Ozark Mountain Daredevils, Lynard Skyhard
and Aretha Franklin. Just jivin'. SOME OF THEIR PASTIMES INCLUDE going on
dates with people who eat glass, collecting empty deodorant containers, and
lighting people's underwear on fire. Well enough said, write to us at P.O.

Box 20391, Reno Nevada 89515. for free gifts and amusing toys. VOR E AMANA

SEXISM AND STEREOTYPING

URBAN ASSAULT



SOUTH TAHOE HARDCORE

S.I.T.

Don't need your local attitude
Coming round in your four wheel truck
Keep your nose and keep your nose
Take your vans and go get fucked

(chorus)

We don't need the shit you say
We don't care how you feel
There ain't nothing wrong with me
It's your problem can't you see

Put me down coz I don't fit in
Why should you care anyway
If I'm not like you I can't be cool
You're trying to live in yesterday

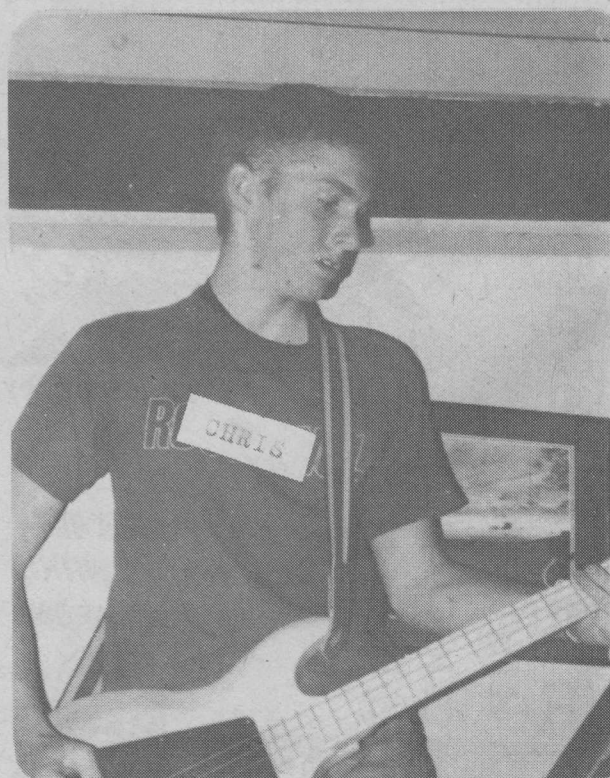
(chorus)

Hey all you south tahoe boys, you used to think
That you owned this town, but then the new kids
Started moving in, you laughed and stared at
Their viord haircuts and their funny clothes
But they didn't care about your daddy's car
They weren't impressed by your phony surfwear
Or your top ten rock n roll, but then you
Started to lose your grip on the pathetic
Society you worked so hard to be a part of,
Then it wasn't funny anymore, but don't worry
Someday you will understand.

(repeat verse 1)

Chorus ©U.A.

Dan Pozniak-Guitar
Chris Cayton-Bass
Jon Hughes-Vocals
Troy Mowat-Drums



THE TIME IS NOW



NO MORE RIOTS: TIMMY'S WORKING IN A FACTORY/GREY WALLS WINDOWS ALL HE CAN SEE/DON'T COMPLAIN, OR NOT A LOT/THEY MIGHT TAKE AWAY WHAT HE'S GOT/ HE WANTS TO STATE HIS VIEWS CAUSE HE HEARD IT ON THE NEWS/TAKE A STAND FOR WHAT YOU BELIEVE IF YOU KNOW WHAT YOU BELIEVE. NO MORE RIOTS - IF YOU DON'T BE QUIET - NO MORE RIOTS: JOEY'S STILL LIVING WITH HIS FAMILY/NEEDS A CATCH THOUGH HE'S 23/ CARRIES SIGNS IN PICKET LINES/DON'T UNDERSTAND BUT AT LEAST HE'S TRYING/DON'T WANT TO HURT MOM OR DAD/WHAT HE'S DOING IS TWICE AS BAD/SO MANY PROBLEMS TO BE SOLVED/P.T.A. SAYS GET INVOLVED.

NO RIOTS YOU DON'T COUNT. BE QUIET, SHUT YOUR MOUTH. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT. PACK UP: GO HOME. MIMI WANTS TO BE A MILITANT/SHE'S GONNA JOIN SOME NATIONAL FRONT/SHE DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE WANTS/SHE'S A REVOLUTIONARY DIL-ETTANTE: SHE WANTS TO SAVE THE WORLD BY BLOWING UP BUILDINGS/SINGS SCONGANS ALL NIGHT/WEEKENDS SHE DRESSES UP. NO MORE RIOTS, NO MORE MURDERS, NO BLACK SHIRTIES, SOMEDAY THEY'LL LEARN TO GIVE IN WITHOUT GIVING UP.

THE BENT NAILS

THE STORY BEHIND THE MYTH:

THE BENT NAILS ARE AN ENORMOUSLY POPULAR BAND FROM SUNNY MILBRAE, A BEAUTIFUL SUBURB OF S.F. THEY WERE BORED WITH SUBURBAN LIFE AND DECIDED TO FORM A BAND. UNFORTUNATELY THEY ARE STILL TRAPPED IN THEIR SUBURBAN PARADISE WITH NO WAY OUT! IN THE 2 YEARS SINCE THEY ELBOWED THEIR WAY INTO THE MUSIC SCENE, THEY'VE TAKEN THE SUBURBS BY STORM WITH THEIR 6 LEBENDARY SUB-URBAN PERFORMANCES. THEIR OBSESSION WITH THE SUBURBS IS SOMEWHAT NEURO-OTIC.

BENT NAILS

415-697-9294

"WE PLAY ANYWHERE"

BYRON
"WHIRLWIND"
STAMATOS

FRANK
"VOCALS"
PORTMAN

MIKE
"STICKS"
LOZADER

CHRYSLER
"A RICKY"
GEORGE



For MIA INFO: Americans Against Everything
244 Zion dr.
Las Vegas, Nv
89107

M.I.A.:

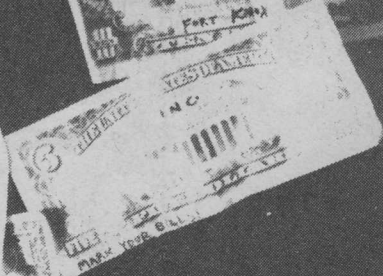
MIKE - VOCALS
NICK - GUITAR
PAUL - BASS
MOON - DRUMS



MIA: A SHORT HISTORY

MOON AND MIKE DECIDED TO START MIA WHEN THE REPUBLICANS HAD THE KENNEDYS ASSASSINATED. MEANWHILE, NICK WAS IN UTAH ENJOYING THE SPECTACULAR NUCLEAR TESTING FIRSTHAND WHILE PAUL WAS A METERPERSON IN SUNNY NEWPORT BEACH STEALING LARGE SUMS OF MONEY FROM UNSUSPECTING MOTORISTS. EVENTUALLY THEY ALL GOT TOGETHER IN BEAUTIFUL LAS VEGAS, THE ENTERTAINMENT CAPITAL OF THE WORLD, PLAYING "I HATE HIPPIES" TO SMALL CROWDS OF HIPPIES.

New Left - Nuclear war
Nuclear fire - Nuclear war
It doesn't matter to me anymore
The bad guys are all here
Shower bullets in the president
New Left - American youth
New Left - Telling the truth
New Left - Telling you why
New Left - Telling you why
New Left - don't want to die
New Left - don't want to die
New Left - don't want to die
The cops are on my street today
I don't think it's funny
Loaded guns and cans of mace
Waiting tickets for money
New Left - In your eye
New Left - In your eye
New Left - Eggs hot fry
New Left - Through your head
New Left - Now you're dead
New Left - Now you're dead



SUBSCRIPTION TO MAX. R.N.R. 'ZINE-6 ISSUES FOR \$5-EUROPE 6 FOR \$12-POB 288-BERK, CA 94701